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CLELAND

Another thrilling Poirot story



"I congratulate you," Emery Power said, handling the goblet lovingly.



The Borgia Goblet

HERCULE POIROT looked thoughtfully into the face of the man behind the big mahogany desk, and understood why Emery Power had become the great financial force that he was.

He was known on both sides of the Atlantic as a connoisseur of works of art.

"You do not, I know, take many cases nowadays. But I think you will take this one," Power was saying.

"It is, then, an affair of great moment?"

"It is of moment to me. It concerns the recovery of a work of art. To be exact, a gold chased goblet, dating from the Renaissance. It is said to be the goblet used by Pope Alexander VI—Roderigo Borgia. He sometimes presented it to a favored guest to drink from. That guest, Monsieur Poirot, usually died."

"A pretty history," Poirot murmured.

"Its career has always been associated with violence. It has been stolen more than once. Murder has been done to gain possession of it. A trail of bloodshed has followed it through the ages."

"On account of its intrinsic value or for other reasons?"

"Its intrinsic value is certainly considerable. The workmanship is exquisite—it is said to have been made by Benvenuto Cellini. The design represents a tree round which a jewelled serpent is coiled, and the apples on the tree are formed of very beautiful emeralds."

"Undoubtedly beautiful!" Poirot murmured.

"The real value of the cup is its historical associations. It was put up for sale by the Marchese di San Veratrino in 1929. Collectors bid against one another, and I secured it finally for a sum equalling (at the then rate of exchange) thirty thousand pounds."

Poirot raised his eyebrows. "Indeed a princely sum!" he murmured. "The Marchese di San Veratrino was fortunate."

"What I have now to tell you is that it was stolen before it actually came into my possession," said Power.

"How did that happen?"

"The marchese's palace was broken into on the night of the sale, and eight or ten pieces of considerable value were stolen, including the goblet. The robbery was recognised to be the work of a well-known international gang of thieves. Two of their number, a Frenchman called Dublay and an Italian called Riccovetti, were caught and tried—some of the stolen goods were found in their possession."

"But not the Borgia goblet?"

"But not the Borgia goblet. There were, as far as the police could ascertain, three men actually engaged in the robbery—the two I have just mentioned and a third, an Irishman named Patrick Casey, an expert cat burglar."

"And the stolen goods? Were they split up into three parts?"

"Possibly. On the other hand, the articles that were recovered were those of least value. It seems possible that the more noteworthy and spectacular pieces were hastily smuggled out of the country."

"Was Casey never brought to justice?"

"Not in the sense you mean. Two weeks later he fell from the fifth floor of a building and was killed instantly."

"Where was this?"

"In Paris. He was attempting to rob the house of the millionaire banker, Duvaugliet."

"And the goblet has never been seen since?"

"Exactly."

By Agatha Christie

"It has never been offered for sale?"

"I am quite sure it has not. The police, but also private inquiry agents, have been on the lookout for it."

"What about the money you had paid over?"

"The marchese offered to refund it to me as the cup had been stolen from his house."

"But you did not accept?"

"No."

"You mean that if you had accepted the marchese's offer, the goblet, if recovered, would be his property, whereas now it is legally yours?"

"Exactly."

"What was there behind that attitude of yours?"

"You appreciate that point, I see."

Emery Power said with a smile. "Well, Monsieur Poirot, it is quite simple. I thought I knew who was actually in possession of the goblet."

"Very interesting. And who was it?"

"Sir Reuben Rosenthal. He was not only a fellow collector, but he was at the time a personal enemy. We had been rivals in several business deals—and on the whole I had come out the better. Our animosity culminated in this rivalry over the Borgia goblet. Our appointed representatives bid against each other at the sale."

"And your representative's final bid secured the treasure?"

"Not precisely. I took the precaution of having a second agent—ostensibly the representative of a Paris dealer. Neither of us, you understand, would have been willing to yield to the other, but to allow a third party to acquire the cup, with the possibility of approaching that third party quietly afterwards—that was a very different matter."

"In fact, a little trickery."

"Exactly."

"Which was evidently successful—and immediately afterwards Sir Reuben discovered how he had been tricked?"

Power smiled. It was a revealing smile.

"I see the position now. You believed that Sir Reuben, determined not to be beaten, deliberately commissioned the theft?"

"Oh no, no! It would not be so crude as that. It would amount to this: shortly afterwards Sir Reuben would have purchased a Renaissance goblet, unspecified."

"The description of which would have been circulated by the police?"

"The goblet would not have been placed openly on view."

"You think Sir Reuben would have been satisfied simply to know that he possessed it?"

"Yes. Moreover, if I had accepted the marchese's offer it would have been possible for Sir Reuben to conclude a private arrangement with him later, thus allowing the goblet to pass legally into his possession. But by retaining the legal ownership there were still possibilities left open to me of recovering my property."

"You mean," said Poirot bluntly, "that you could arrange for it to be stolen from Sir Reuben."

Please turn to page 4

Why not Look Fitter & Feel Fitter

THERE are days when you feel "fit for anything." Others when you're at odds with the world. But it's easy to be fit and stay fit, to sail through your days with cheerfulness and zest. Health will come to you the Bile Beans way.

Bile Beans, the ideal tonic-laxative, ensure smooth working of the alimentary system. They remove the wastes that spoil your health and complexion and cleanse and tone up the system.

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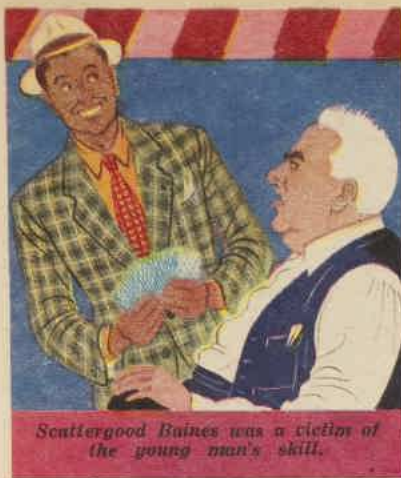
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—Mrs. A. BUTLER



Scattergood Baines was a victim of the young man's skill.

Bob's tricks were annoying, but he proved their worth.

BOB FIDDLER was one of those young men who go around annoying you by saying, "Draw a card—any card."

Then he would shuffle the pack and ask you if you remembered what card you had drawn. Impatiently you told him it was the nine of clubs, whereupon he would grin at you happily and tell you to lift the top half of Mrs. Bigger's ham sandwich, and there would be the nine of clubs where the slice of ham should have been.

Aside from having this mania for legerdemain Bob was an amiable young man, reasonably intelligent. But he did seem to be lacking in ambition, in initiative. His mother had left him with an income which was quite sufficient to maintain him pleasantly without labor, and he never exhibited any inclination to supplement it.

That summer he was visiting his aunt, Mrs. Mavity, at Coldriver. Before he had palled on the neighborhood, he had given legerdemain exhibitions for anyone who would procure for him an audience. It was when he ran out of audiences that he commenced his tricks on casual pedestrians.

Scattergood Baines was a frequent victim of the young man's annoying skill. The old man sat most of the day in a chair on the piazza of his hardware store, and hence was a constant temptation to Bob. Scattergood would not move inside to protect himself, because that chair was a sort of wooden throne from which he was accustomed to observe the goings and comings of the inhabitants.

The piazza was his office from which he conducted a varied business. He was sole owner of the twenty-five miles of railroad that piled between the village and the junction; he was interested in pulp and in lumber and in politics. He rather liked Bob and it was quite extraordinary how patiently he endured his annoying feats of magic.

"You're kind of capable," Scattergood said, "at pickin' money out of the air. Yes, a'ree. But the's a usefulest trick 'n that one. It's contrivin' ways 'n means of extractin' cash from t'other feller's pocket and makin' it stay in yourn permanent. Some folks does it by takin' a job 'n 'n gettin' a pay envelope Sattidy nights."

"Why should I?" asked Bob. "I have enough."

"Jest to kind of bolster up your self-respect," said Scattergood. "Jest so folks won't look on ye as a wuthless young spriggin'."

"Have you been talking to Lanny's father?" Bob asked.

"Where'd you git such an idee?"

"There's a certain similarity of subject matter," said Bob. "Mr. Worth doesn't admire me. He mentions it."

"Does Lanny?" asked Scattergood.

"She don't say yes and she don't say no," said Bob, "but I've got my suspicions. I'm not exactly repulsive to her."

"Doin' tricks don't offer much of a career," said Scattergood.

It was the next afternoon when Scattergood saw a sports roadster

stop at Sam Kettleman's store across the street. Two young people alighted, obviously brother and sister, and, equally obviously, twins. They came out of Kettleman's store presently and crossed the street.

"Afternoon, Mr. Baines," said Junior Worth.

"How be ye, Twins?" said Scattergood. "How be ye?"

"I'm going back towards the dam for deer to-morrow," Junior said.

"I need a new hunting knife."

"He couldn't hit a deer if it was tied to a tree," said his sister. "Have you seen Bob Fiddler around?"

"Interested in Bob Fiddler? Be ye?"

"He's interested in her," said Junior.

"Yes, and I'd be interested in him," said Lanny briskly. "If he wasn't so footless. He exasperates me."

"He exasperates Father," said Junior.

"He's as sweet as he can be," Lanny declared, "but he has no character. He just goes around doing silly tricks."

"Be ye in love with Bob, Lanny?" Scattergood asked.

"She is," said Junior.

"I like a man," said Lanny, "who can hit in the pinches. I don't care how much time he wastes doing card tricks if you send him to bat with two out and the winning run on—and know he won't strike out."

"Emergencies come to a man," said Scattergood, "mebbe once in a lifetime."

"I'd be willing to wait," said

Lanny, "if I knew he'd deliver the goods."

Scattergood heaved himself out of his chair. "I keep my line of huntin' knives inside," he said.

Junior selected one with a horn handle and leather sheath.

"Mighty hunter," said his sister.

"Wait until I bring in a ten-point buck to-morrow," Junior said.

"Deer's plentiful," Scattergood said, "but so's hunters. Um . . ."

Lanny, however d'ye calc'late to make sure any man'll fill the bill fur ye?"

"I wish I knew," Lanny said.

"Good-bye."

"G'-bye, Lanny. G'-bye, Junior

CLARENCE B. KELLAND

Um . . . I calc'late most of us has to take men 'n' wimmin on faith, hopin' fur the best. I never see no guarantee printed onto the package . . . G'-bye."

Scattergood on Saturday afternoon occupied his chair on the piazza of his hardware store as usual. It was about two o'clock when he saw Sheriff Fox and two deputies roar past in the sheriff's car.

"Must be suthin' pressin' to git the sheriff to hussle like that there," the old man said, and he ambled over to the post office, which also housed the gaol and the office of the justice of the peace. He found Fat Perkins leaning back in a chair dozing.

"Sheriff git a call? Eh? Sheriff

headin' some-ere?" Scattergood asked.

"Shootin' scrape up nigh Winter-set Dam," said Fat sleepily. "I didn't jest git head or tail to it."

"Who did?" Scattergood asked.

"Sheriff, he took the call himself, 'n' hypered off," said Fat. "Calc'late we won't know nothin' till he gets back."

It was four o'clock when the sheriff's car returned, and there were four men in it: the sheriff, his two deputies, and a fourth person. The fourth person was a pale, frightened, and dishevelled Junior Worth.

By the time the car stopped at the door of the gaol, Scattergood was moving across the bridge.

By the time Junior had been removed from the car,

Scattergood was close enough to ask questions:

"How be ye, Sheriff? How be ye, Junior? How be ye, boys? What's all the scurryin' around fur? Eh?"

"Huntin' tragedy," said Sheriff Fox briefly. "Junior mistook one of those laborers up by the dam fur a deer. Wounded him."

"It was an accident. He had on a brown coat. He was moving through the witch hopple just like a deer."

"Them furriners is excitable," said the sheriff. "They hain't been educated so as to be reconciled to gittin' shot by fools with guns. I kind of figured it was a good idee to git this kid away fore they commenced to seethe."

"Any trouble? Eh? Signs of trouble?"

"I didn't give 'em time to git set," said the sheriff, "but they was mut-terin'."

"Um . . . Yeah . . . Seems as though. What d'ye calc'late to do with Junior, here?"

"Don't know," said the sheriff. "He'll git charged jest fur the looks of it, 'n' mebbe the jedge'll speak harsh to him. Don't seem right to jest turn him loose."

"Mebbe a night in the coop," said one of the deputies, "would kind of briken up his eyesight, so" he'll notice ye don't very seldom see an eight-point man."

The boy was abject in his terror and his remorse. He bubbled to Scattergood hysterically. The telephone interrupted, and the sheriff stepped inside. When he returned his face was troubled.

"Seems like they's a state of excitement to the dam," he said.

"Them laborers is a-swarmin' like bees. This here superintendent feller that spoke to me says three-four carloads of 'em started off for here."

"How many deputies you got, Sheriff?" asked Scattergood.

"These two 'n' Pat, that don't count."

"Hain't enough to go out the road and stop 'em," said Scattergood.

"Um . . . Calc'late the safest place fur Junior is a cell. Huh . . . Take 'em how long to git here?"

"Mebbe three-quarters of an hour."

"Better git onto the phone, Sheriff, 'n' deppitise a dozen or so of the boys with shotguns," suggested a deputy.

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"You foul!" she said. "You can do tricks when a mob is coming to lynch my brother."

NOT stolen.

Monsieur Poirot. I should have been merely recovering my own property."

"But I gather that you were not successful?"

"For a very good reason. Rosenthal has never had the goblet in his possession."

"How do you know?"

"Recently there has been a merger of all interests. Rosenthal's interests and mine now coincide. I spoke to him frankly on the subject, and he assured me that the cup had never been in his possession."

"Then for nearly ten years you have been, as they say in this country, barking up the mistake tree?"

"Yes."

"And now—it is all to start again from the beginning?"

Emery Power said dryly: "If the affair were easy it would not have been necessary for me to send for you. Of course, if you think it impossible—"

He had found the right word. Poi-

rot drew himself up. He said coldly: "I do not recognise the word impossible, monsieur. I ask myself only—is this affair sufficiently interesting for me to undertake?"

Emery Power smiled again. He said: "It has this interest—you may name your own fee."

The small man looked at the big man. He said softly: "Do you then desire this work of art so much? Surely not!"

"Put it that I like yourself, do not accept defeat," said Emery Power.

Hercule Poirot bowed his head. He said:

"Yes—put that way—I understand."

Inspector Wagstaffe was interested. "The Veratrine cup?"

Yes, I remember all about it. I was in charge of the business this end. It's never turned up from that day to this. Funny thing, that."

"What is your explanation? A private sale?"

The Borgia Goblet

Continued from page 2

Wagstaffe shook his head. "No, my explanation is simpler. The stuff was cached—and the only man who knew where it was dead."

"You mean Casey?"

"Yes. He may have hidden it before he left Italy, or he may have succeeded in smuggling it out of the country. But he hid it, and wherever that was it's still there."

"Had Casey a house of his own?"

"He was in Liverpool." He grinned. "It wasn't under the floorboards there. We made sure of that."

"What about his family?"

"His wife was a decent sort of woman. She died a couple of years ago. Daughter took after her—she's a nun. The son was different—a chip off the old block. Last I heard of him he was doing time in America."

"It is possible that the son may have known the hiding place?"

"Don't believe he did. It would have come into the fencibles' hands by now."

"It might have been melted down."

"It might. Quite possible, I should say. But I don't know. Its supreme value is to collectors."

"What about the other members of the gang?"

"Ricciotti and Dublay both got sentenced. I should imagine they'll be coming out about now."

"Were there other members of it?"

"There was a girl—Red Kate she used to be called. Took a job as lady's maid and found out all about a crib—where stuff was kept and so on. She went to Australia, I believe, after the gang broke up. A chap called Youganian, a dealer, was suspected of being in with them. Headquarters in Stamboul, but he has a shop in Paris. Nothing proved against him—but he's a slippery customer."

It was the habit of Hercule Poirot to discuss his cases with his capable valet, George.

"If you were faced, George," said Poirot, "with the necessity of conducting investigations in five different parts of the globe, how would you set about it?"

"Well, sir, air travel is very quick, though some say it upsets the stomach. I couldn't say myself."

"My client, Emery Power, understands only one thing—action! But it is useless to dispense energy by unnecessary action. There is a golden rule in life, George, never to do anything yourself that others can do for you."

He took from the shelf a file labelled with the letter D and opened it at the words "Detective Agencies—Reliable."

"Be so obliging, George, as to copy out for me certain names and addresses. Messrs. Hankerton, New York. Messrs. Laden & Bosher, Sydney. Signor Giovanni Mezzi, Rome. M. Nahum, Stamboul. Messrs. Roget et Franconard, Paris. After that look up the trains for Liverpool."

"Yes, sir, you are going to Liverpool, sir?"

"I am afraid so. It is possible, George, that I may have to go even farther. But not just yet."

It was three months later that Hercule Poirot stood on a rocky point and surveyed the Atlantic Ocean.

He had the feeling, not uncommon in those who come to Inishgowan for the first time, that he had reached the end of the world.

His eyes swept slowly up and down the desolate coastline, then once more out to sea. Not very far away he heard the toll of a bell. He understood that bell. It was a sound he had been familiar with from early youth.

He set off briskly along the cliff. In about ten minutes he came in sight of the building on the cliff. A high wall surrounded it, and a great wooden door studded with nails was set in the wall. Poirot came to this door and knocked. Then he cautiously pulled at a rusty chain, and a shrill little bell tinkled briskly inside the door.

A small panel in the door was pushed aside and framed a face in starched white.

It demanded his business.

"Is this the Convent of St. Mary and All Angels?"

The formidable woman said with asperity: "And what else would it be?"

"I would like to see the Mother Superior."

The dragon was unwilling, but in the end she yielded. The door opened and Poirot was conducted to a small room where visitors to the convent were received.

Presently a nun glided in, her rosary swinging at her waist.

"I apologise for troubling you, ma mere," Poirot said, "but you have here, I think, a nun who was, in the world, Kate Casey."

"That is so. Sister Mary Ursula in religion."

Poirot continued: "There is a certain wrong that needs righting. I believe that Sister Mary Ursula could help me. She has information that might be invaluable."

"Sister Mary Ursula cannot help you."

"But I assure you—"

He broke off. The Mother Superior said: "Sister Mary Ursula died two months ago."

In the saloon bar of Jimmy Donovan's hotel, Poirot sat uncomfortably against the wall. There were five men in the bar, and they were all talking politics. For the most part Poirot could not understand what they said.

Presently he found one of the men sitting beside him. This was a man of a slightly different class from the others. He had the stamp of the seedy townsman upon him.

He said with immense dignity: "I tell you, sir, I tell you—Peggy's Pride hasn't got a chance. You take my tip—everybody ought to take my tip. Know who I am, sir, do you know, I shay? Atlas, that's who I am, Atlas of the Dublin Sun. Been tipping winners all the season. Follow Atlas and you can't go wrong."

Hercule Poirot regarded him with a strange reverence. He said, and his voice trembled: "Mon Dieu, it is an omen."

It was some hours later. The moon showed from behind the clouds. Poirot and his new friend had walked some miles.

His companion said suddenly: "Is it the way the priest would be after me for this? I'll not have a mortal sin upon my conscience."

Hercule Poirot said: "You are only restoring to Caesar the things which are Caesar's."

They had come to the wall of the convent. Atlas prepared to do his part.

A groan burst from him and he exclaimed in low poignant tones that he was destroyed entirely!

"Be quiet. It is not the weight of the world you have to support—only the weight of Hercule Poirot."

Deftly Hercule Poirot unwrapped the neatly-done-up parcel. First the brown paper, then the wadding, lastly the tissue-paper.

On the desk in front of Emery Power he placed a gleaming golden cup. Chased on it was a tree bearing apples of green emeralds.

The financier drew a deep breath. He said:

"I congratulate you, Monsieur Poirot."

Poirot bowed.

Emery Power stretched out a hand. He touched the rim of the goblet, "Mine!" he said.

"Where did you find it?"

"I found it on an altar," stated Poirot.

Emery Power stared.

Poirot went on: "Casey's daughter was a nun. She was about to take her final vows at the time of her father's death. She was an ignorant but a devout girl. The cup was hidden in her father's house in Liverpool. She took it to the convent, wanting, I think, to atone for her father's sins. She gave it to be used to the glory of God. I do not think the nuns themselves ever realised its value. They took it, probably, for a family heirloom. In their eyes it was a chalice, and they used it as such."

"An extraordinary story!" said Emery Power. He added: "What made you think of going there?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps a process of elimination. And then there was the extraordinary fact that no one had ever tried to dispose of the cup. That looked, you see, as though it were in a place where ordinary material values did not apply."

WELL, as I said before, I congratulate you. Let me know your fee and I'll write you a cheque," Power said heartily.

"There is no fee."

"What do you mean?"

"Did you ever read fairy stories when you were a child? The King in them would say, 'Ask of me what you will.'"

"So you are asking something?"

"Yes, but not money. Merely a simple request."

"Well, what is it?"

Poirot laid his hand on the cup.

"Send this back to the convent."

"Are you quite mad?"

Poirot shook his head. "No, I am not mad. See, I will show you something."

He picked up the goblet. With his fingernail he pressed hard into the open jaws of the snake that was coiled round the tree. Inside the cup a tiny portion of the gold-chased interior slid aside, leaving an aperture into the hollow handle.

Poirot said:

"You see? This was the drinking-cup of the Borgia Pope. Through this little hole the poison passed into the drink. You have said yourself that the history of this cup is evil. Violence and blood and evil passions have accompanied its possession. Evil will perhaps come to you in your turn."

"Superstition!"

"Possibly. But why were you so anxious to possess this thing? Not for its beauty. Not for its value. You have a hundred—a thousand perhaps—beautiful and rare things. You wanted it to sustain your pride. You were determined not to be beaten. Eh, bien, you are not beaten. You win! The goblet is in your possession. But now, why not make a great—a supreme gesture? Send it back to where it has dwelt in peace for nearly ten years. Let the evil of it be purified there. It belonged to the Church once—let it return to the Church. Let it stand once more on the altar, purified and absolved as we hope that the souls of men shall be also purified and absolved from their sins."

He spoke on, describing in simple words the remote charm of Inishgowan.

Emery Power sat back, one hand over his eyes. He said at last: "You are a strange man, Monsieur Poirot. You shall have your way. Take the goblet to the convent as a gift in my name. A pretty costly gift. Thirty thousand pounds—and what shall I get in exchange?"

Poirot said gravely:

"The nuns will say masses for your soul."

The rich man's smile widened—a rapacious, hungry smile. He said:

"So, after all, it may be an investment. Perhaps the best one I ever made."

In the little parlor of the convent, Hercule Poirot told his story and restored the chalice to the Mother Superior. She murmured: "Tell him we thank him and we will pray for him."

"He needs your prayers," Poirot said gently.

"Is he then an unhappy man?"

"So unhappy that he has forgotten what happiness means. So unhappy that he does not know he is unhappy."

The nun said softly: "Ah, a rich man."

Poirot said nothing—for he knew there was nothing more to say.

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"Police come, take him away," the Syrian said.

MURDER FOR TEA

I STOOD for a moment, safe within the shadows of the pillars, to get my bearings. The world at two o'clock in the morning is a lonesome place. There were no lights in the houses about me. Only the crazy street light sent shadows flickering along the roadway. The bare tree branches were creaking in the rising wind.

Footsteps came running eerily along the opposite side of the road and I shrank back into the shadow of a pillar until I could hear them no longer.

And, with their passing, I drew a long breath. It was time if I ever meant to go. Standing there profited me nothing.

I still think the bravest thing I ever did was to step from the safety of that porch into the uncertain darkness and menace of the night. And, once freed, divorced of shelter as it were, I realised for the first time the full strength of the horror that was sweeping all of us into its spell.

This was Nashiona, the same peaceful beloved city I had always known, but somewhere within its confines murder, that three times had struck successfully, still lurked unscathed.

I had to walk almost the length of the grounds to reach the garage which wasn't really a garage at all. Long ago, while Uncle George was still alive and before the automobile had chased the horse from

the streets, it had been called the stables and it had sheltered old Bess and Beauty as well as the carriage in which Aunt Lide had fared forth to make calls.

Bess and Beauty were long since dead—happily of old age—and Uncle George had acquired a sedan and built wide sliding doors that opened upon the alley.

I was remembering all this as I made my way around the house. I clung closely to the shrubbery, although just whom I expected to see back there I could not have explained. In Nashiona one's yard is inviolate, and trespassing, under a city ordinance, may be prosecuted.

The garage doors opened upon the alley. I was counting on the fact to enable me to open them without having Aunt Lide hear the unmistakable and protesting squawk as they slid along the rollers. Once opened I would not bother to shut them.

I did not need to open them. Thinking this, I had rounded the corner and I was too late. The doors stood wide open. The car was gone.

It was right then that I stopped being afraid and became angry. So Shawn had taken the car, had he? Well, if I ever got within speaking distance of that young man again, he'd get a sizable piece of my mind.

The anger was a powerful tonic.

I forgot even to be careful. I stepped in over the threshold of the garage and swung my flashlight in a wide circle. My anger died abruptly.

The garage was empty save for the miscellanea that sooner or later creeps in to fill all old storage places. I saw summer screens and lawnmowers and grass baskets, gardening tools and cutting shears and greenhouse frames and a row of pots for planting. And I saw something else as well. On a hook against the wall hung Shawn's missing suit and folded neatly upon a box beneath were his shirt and tie.

My head reeled as I contemplated them. What did it mean? Shawn had dressed once—in our bedroom. Why then had he come out here to undress again? And why, stripped to his underwear, had he gone off in the car? It didn't make sense. It was part and parcel of some

Mystery serial

By EDITH HOWIE

monstrous nightmare. No one half-naked went off driving a car—not if he could help himself.

I clenched my hands then for wanting to scream. Was that what it meant? That he hadn't been able to help himself? Had he been surprised here at the car's side? Or, more probably, had he made secret rendezvous in this garage with someone only to be betrayed? How had he gone away in that car—alive or dead?

With that in mind, I turned and fled from the garage. I wasn't even careful to keep to the shrubbery—I forgot to be. In any case what did my safety matter? I had only

the one thought and that was to get back to the house as quickly as possible, to arouse Sergeant O'Connor, to implore his aid.

It wasn't until my fingers were on the doorknob that I remembered I'd failed to slip the night lock. So far as I was concerned the door was impregnable. I had no key.

Slowly I withdrew my hand. There was no good in ringing—it would only frighten Aunt Lide, and I was doubtful if, should she discover Shawn and I were missing, she could be persuaded to answer it. Some few blocks away on the highway there was an all-night restaurant much patronised by truckers. I'd go there to call the sergeant.

I hurried down the steps, so engrossed in my own planning that I failed to see the car that, cruising slowly along, had come to a dead halt beside me.

It wasn't until the door opened and a man leaned out that I stopped, startled, my heart throbbing upward to my throat.

The man was a shadow in the dark of the car. He said, "I beg your pardon, but can you—"

I never waited to find out what it was I could do. Because I knew that voice. Blindly I reached out my hands.

"Oh, Jimmy!" I said. "Oh, Jimmy! Shawn's gone—he's been kidnapped or something—and you've got to help me!"

Jimmy Collins is one of the finest men I know. He's sandy-haired and blue-eyed and he has one of those trigger-quick brains that see straight

into the heart of a situation without having to have it diagrammed.

It was a good thing, too, for I was in no mood that night for dotting i's and crossing t's. He simply opened the car door a little wider and said, "Get in—you can tell me as we ride."

So I did. Oh, I didn't tell him all of it—there wasn't time. But I did manage the three murders and the jewellery store robbery and about Shawn going off and taking the car but not his clothes—

Jimmy laughed at that but he sobered quickly.

"I don't get the secrecy angle," he said. "It's not like that wild Irishman."

"He's angry," I said, "with me." Jimmy took it philosophically. He said, "I wouldn't let that bother me. He's always mad at one thing or another."

"But never with me," I said and abruptly began to cry. Jimmy spared a hand for a rough pat. He said, "Don't, Kit. Don't let it get you down. He'll come to heel."

I said, "But I don't want him to come to heel. I want him to go ahead and do just what he wants to, and I will, too!"

"Do what you want to?" Jimmy asked with a half laugh. "Okay, Kit, let's get going. That naked wonder should've left a trail a mile wide!"

Now that someone else was here to think for me, my brain refused to function. Rather forlornly, I inquired where he thought we ought to go.

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<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4720307>



Jennie, I felt I must let her be an independent person right from the start. I pushed her off. She did whatever she wanted as far as I could let her. And now I don't know—"

Mary spoke firmly. "You ought to be proud that she misses you so much."

"She ought to stand on her own feet," said Clara. "Seems to me the best gift a mother can give a child is the gift of independence. I just failed, that's all."

"The best gift a mother can give a child," said Mary passionately, "is love for her own mother. I am the one who failed miserably." She got up and walked up and down. "At least, you still have a child. But I haven't. Betty's a stranger. I've lost her somehow."

"I don't see why it's so difficult to be a good mother," said Clara. "But I never dreamed you'd be worried about anything. Perhaps I shouldn't have said anything. Seemed as if, though, you and I are all that's left of our own family; perhaps we could get some comfort from each other. If we could remember back well enough to our own young days—but what you remember are things like apples in the attic, and you breaking your arm sliding down the hill."

"And soup spilled on mother's dress."

"I haven't been up in the attic for years," said Clara. "I get the charwoman to keep it clean. It's so lonely there."

"Let's go up there now," said Mary impulsively.

The attic stairs smelled musty and the old hand-hewn beams of the roof were drifted with cobwebs. They went to the window and

"Here's a letter in my handwriting," Mary said, turning to Clara.

Clara wiped the panes clean with her apron. The attic was filled with violet light and the sun was making a golden lake of the far sky.

"It's just as it was," said Clara.

Mary had a strange feeling. All at once she felt herself and Clara children again, filled with the desperate urgency of youth; eager, uneasy, unformed.

"I was going to be an actress," she said swiftly. "And you were going to be a great singer, with violets and orchids on your breast! I remember."

Clara's soft round face took up the light. "You were always so afraid you'd show some feeling," she said. "You came up here to cry when that boy next door asked another girl to go for a walk."

"I was going to jump out of this window," confessed Mary, "but I saw the clothes-line and thought I'd fall over it."

The upper clouds were lemon edged and the room grew darker.

"Well," said Clara, her eyes on the sky, "in the end we settled down and had homes, both of us. It all came to the same thing in the end. Roger and Henry and our children."

Mary touched her hand. "Funny, too, after all these years, I feel as if I knew you."

Clara said: "There's an old diary of mother's up here, and I'm going to find it. This was their wedding anniversary. Let's see what she wrote."

It was still light enough so she found the little wooden box in a corner. Mary was watching the light ebb on the hills.

Clara knelt, pushing her apron aside. "Here it is. It's awfully faded. You look it up; my eyes are not very good now. Getting old."

Her mother's writing, delicate, firm, pale with years. Mary held the book up to the fire of sun in the window:

"This was our anniversary. The children didn't notice it. Both the girls are doing well at school. I am thankful to say. At times I feel I am not a successful mother, as Clara is so wild and Mary so shut up in herself."

I FINALLY think a mother needs to have faith in God, that if she does her best, they will turn out right in the end. Clara will have a worse time; she has to learn the hard way.

"Mary will be unhappy for fear she isn't loved enough. She can't rest easy about anything."

"I am going to make some elderberry jelly, as I see there are still elderberries on the old bushes."

"Both girls will turn out all right in the end. A mother has to have faith. To-day makes me wish my mother could know I now do all I can to make a good home for my husband and children."

The sun was gone now, and only the afterglow was left. Mary couldn't see the end. She looked over at Clara, and Clara was still sitting there in the dust of the attic.

Mary said brokenly: "I always knew she was the most wonderful mother in the world."

Clara said: "I, too. Though nobody knew it."

Mary closed the book, and a thin paper fell out.

"Here's a letter," she said. She peered at it. "It's my writing! Oh, this is a letter I wrote from Aunt Grace's."

"Read it," said Clara, smiling.

Mary said: "It's too dark. I can just see the beginning." She held it up. A fugitive gleam of gold illumined the yellow page. "Dear Mother," she read. "We were terribly worried about the—the match on Saturday."

The two sisters climbed down the stairs. Clara pulled the blackout in the kitchen and turned on the light.

Henry was coming in, and loud and clear the horn of Roger's car sounded.

Mary went out and Roger said: "I can't stay the night. Things are all upset over a rush order for the Government. Must go home and be in the office first thing in the morning."

Mary kissed him. "I'll go with you," she said.

Roger's face was dim and pale in the twilight. "I'll be too much travelling for you in one day."

"No," said Mary, "but I've been a long way away, Roger."

"Where have you been?"

"Clara and I," said Mary, "took a trip to yesterday."

Roger's hand moved across her cheek. "You're feverish," he said.

"I'm all right," said Mary. She pressed against him. "Roger, it's

all right. Everything's all right. Betty's just trying to be her own self now. Some girls are like that. In the end"—she paused—"in the end she'll turn out better than we did."

"Why, Mary!" he said.

"Children and parents are just the same," said Mary, "all the time. Your heart breaks, and after a while it doesn't count because in the long run everything evens out. I seem to feel that now."

"Why, Mary," he said again, "what's happened to you?"

"I don't know," she answered. "Nothing at all really. Clara and I went up to the attic, and all at once I began to accept life as it is. It all came over me, Roger, how it hurt me when she was born, and how frightened we were when she had measles, and how lonely we are going to be from now on—and so was my mother, and all the other mothers—and you just know it's how things are and you keep your chin up."

Roger gave a long, tired sigh. "I've been—lonely, too."

Clara called: "Supper's ready!"

Roger straightened his tie and went in. Mary ran upstairs and powdered her nose and found a hair-pin for a loose curl. She took two letters from her blouse and laid them on the crocheted cover of the dressing-table. Before she turned out the light she looked at them both, a last long look.

"Dear Mother"

"Dear Mother"

"I talked just like that, too," said Mary Scott. She went downstairs with a smile on her lips.

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Murder for Tea

Continued from page 5

night and day with only stops for meals and sleep when he couldn't keep awake any longer.

It was just as we were crossing the railroad tracks at the top of the bluff that I saw the car. It had been parked in the ditch but I saw the slanting hood. I grabbed Jimmy's arm.

The car swerved as he slammed on the brakes. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded in disgust. "If you go off like that often I don't wonder Shawn leaves you at the hearthside."

"But I don't," I said. "It's only that—over there. That's Aunt Lide's car—I know it is."

He swung the car off the road, directly behind the other car. Jimmy opened the door. "You stay here," he said. "I'll have a look." But I didn't. I was out of the car as soon as he was.

The door was locked. Nor was there apparent to our peering eyes any evidence other than that the car had been left while its driver transacted business elsewhere. Certainly it concealed no body.

"Nothing here," Jimmy said with a sigh of relief.

I indicated the luggage-carrier. I said, "What about that?"

Jimmy looked at me. Then, half-heartedly, he tried its handle. It was locked. He looked at me again. He said, "Shawn's six foot two. Kit. He weighs a hundred and eighty."

As if that mattered, I said, "He could be—doubled up in there, couldn't he?"

Jimmy said "Umm" doubtfully. "It'd not be easy. Would your aunt have a fit if I smashed her lock?"

I knew she would. The car was her particular pride. Of course, if Shawn were really in there—

JIMMY was watching me. I said, "No. We'll go on—down there." I waved my hand vaguely toward the bluff's foot. "If he's there, it's too late. They've been using cyanide."

Jimmy's eyes were grim. "All right," he said. "Come on." He turned toward the other car.

I had an inspiration then. I said, "Let's walk. Cars are conspicuous in Lower Town and yours has a New York licence."

Jimmy paused in the act of locking his car. "Tough place, huh? Where you dress down instead of up? Okay—we'll see what can be done."

I turned and started down the uneven sidewalk that ran along the roadway. Jimmy caught up with me as the road curved. He said, "Got any idea what you intend to do down there?"

I said, "I don't know." And Jimmy was silent.

It must have been after three o'clock but River Street still boiled with its queer nocturnal life. Lights blazed in saloons and restaurants. Men lounged on kerbstones and against buildings. As we passed I felt the trail of their eyes studying, appraising, following. Unconsciously I moved closer to Jimmy.

We'd gone a couple of blocks before Jimmy stopped. Under pretence of lighting a cigarette, he said in a low voice, "It's no good, Kit. We'll never find him this way. Perhaps the best thing is to go back, get in touch with the police, let the law take care of it."

"Shawn came here," I said stubbornly. "You know he did. You saw the car."

"Yes. But I've a hunch it'll take more than your wit and mine to find him. Why, girl, the place is a beehive. It swarms."

I remained stubborn. I said, "Shawn came here and I'm staying. If you want to go back, you can!"

And then, immediately upon that piece of bravado, I broke pitifully. I said, "Jimmy, don't you see? I can't go back. Not without trying to find him. Because Lower Town's tied up some way with these murders. They found Tom's body here—and Eve's."

He didn't let me finish. He said, "All right—all right. I understand. But just the same I don't think walking up and down these streets will get us anywhere. It'll take something else—a fluke of luck, perhaps."

I said, "There was one thing I didn't tell you. What Sergeant

O'Connor said when I called him." I repeated it slowly. "Ten to one the fool's gone off after Nick! Do you think it means anything?"

Jimmy pulled at his ear. "How do I know? Who's Nick?"

"The sergeant said he was an ex-convict who'd been reported in town."

Jimmy said, "Umm. Shawn ever mention him?"

I shook my head. "The sergeant said he had nothing to do with the murders."

"Do you believe that?"

"No," I said. "I think the sergeant was lying. I think he knew that Shawn'd gone off after this Nick."

"That's the way I'd figure it," Jimmy said thoughtfully. "I'll tell you—there's a hamburger stand over there. Let's get some coffee and maybe, if I'm subtle enough, I can find out something. If anything's happened down here to-night, they ought to know!"

There was no one in the little hamburger shop except a young Syrian. As we perched upon the stools, he cocked a disillusioned eye in our direction and grunted, "What's yah have?"

Jimmy ordered coffee and hamburgers which the Syrian prepared. He slopped heavy cups of coffee down before us and stood waiting, vacant-eyed. "Thirty cents," he muttered.

Jimmy tossed him a dollar. He went to the front of the store for change and Jimmy, winking at me, followed. "Watch," he said out of the corner of his mouth, "I'm going to play a hunch!"

I glanced over my shoulder. Jimmy had his change—I could hear him jingling it. He was leaning on the counter and saying something to the Syrian, something that sounded like "message for me—?"

I saw the Syrian shrug. "Naw," he said.

"Sure," Jimmy urged. "You've forgotten. Listen—you know Nick?" Mild interest flickered in the opaque black eyes.

"Maybe," he admitted.

"Sure, you know Nick!" Jimmy encouraged. "Everybody knows Nick. Well, then listen—"

"Whatta Nick you mean?"

"What Nick do you think I mean?"

"Maybe Nick Popodopolous, eh?" the other asked cunningly.

"Sure," Jimmy sounded relieved.

"That's him. Now, listen, where'll I find him?"

"Naw," the other said flatly. "I don't know no Nick Popodopolous!"

Jimmy looked bewildered. "But you said—"

The Syrian shrugged again.

"I say I know Nick—sure! I know plenty Nick—Nick Panigutti—Nick Cosmon—Nick Concilli—Nick Wallenda. I don't know no Nick Popodopolous!"

Jimmy gave up then. He said, "Skip it!" and returned to me. "It didn't work," he said disconsolately.

Please turn to page 10

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"DID you expect it would?" I asked coldly. "You must be mad. Here we sit wasting time while Shawn perhaps..."

I stopped then because the Syrian had followed Jimmy and was now leaning on the counter and staring at us with open suspicion in his eyes.

"What you talk about Nick Popodopolous for? You from police maybe? Like other fellow?"

I gasped but Jimmy, whose mind is as resilient as a rubber ball, was on his feet. He said, "Go on—talk—or I'll choke it out of you! What other fellow? Big tall guy—Irish—black hair?—Was that the one?"

The Syrian was shaking his head. "Big, tall—no. Little fat guy—so high." He indicated a height from the floor. "No hair—glasses—funny nose—wart on it—That your Nick Popodopolous, eh?"

Jimmy looked at me. "Maybe," he said warily. "Why? What happened to him?"

"He got beat up," the Syrian said airily. "Police come—take him away. Take two—three—four other fellow, too! You want Nick Popodopolous—maybe you get him from police!"

"Look here," Jimmy said. "Did you see anyone else—big dark guy—good-looking—short a few clothes maybe?"

But the Syrian's fire for truth was gone. He turned his back. "I told you—I know nothing. You go. Scram!"

We scrambled. Outside Jimmy said, "Whew! Another two minutes and I'd believe there was a Nick Popodopolous!"

I caught his arm. "But that's it," I said. "There was. That is, if he told the truth. Only it wasn't Nick Popodopolous. Didn't you hear, Jimmy? Little fat man—bald—glasses—funny nose—with a wart on it—he was describing Darien Greene. I know he was!"

In the ordinary course of events, Jimmy should have been impressed with this information, but he wasn't. He was staring over my shoulder. Now he said in a strangled voice, "I think we've found what we were looking for. You look, Kit. Tell me I'm not dreaming!"

I whirled and saw Shawn. He was coming down the very centre of the street and his walk had the insolence of an army marching beneath banners of its own winning.

If Shawn were surprised, he failed to show it. Almost anyone else would have asked how I got there. Not Shawn. He took that for granted.

He said, "Kit aroon, there's need for sleep plain in your eyes; but I'm thinking it's small urge for sleep you'll be having once you know what we've done!" "We" apparently included Sergeant O'Connor, whose presence slightly in Shawn's shadow I now perceived.

I said peevishly, "But it's been because I didn't know what you were doing that I haven't been sleeping!" And then, "Here's Jimmy—you might speak to him!"

It was while Shawn was so engaged that I had a word with the sergeant. He said, "I'm obliged for the tip, Mrs. Cosgrave. Otherwise he'd have been stealing the credit from us!"

"Credit for what?" I demanded. "Shawn! What have you been doing? I've been nearly crazy. You gone—the car gone—your clothes—" Abruptly I remembered the clothes. I caught a handful of his cheap black jersey. "Where did you get this awful thing?"

"I bought it," Shawn said. "What-ever else would you be thinking? In Rome I dress as the Romans, I'd have you remember!"

I said, "Darling, please. I don't care how you dress! What I want to know is what you've been doing—what's happened?"

"And that I'd best be telling," the sergeant said ponderously. "If it's to be told at all. You recollect the jewellery store that was robbed? We picked up the men who did it to-night."

"The robbery?" To save my life, I couldn't keep a note of disappointment out of my voice. "Oh, but I'd hoped—"

Shawn was looking at me gravely. "I know. You hoped we'd found the murderer. Well, we have, Darling, don't you understand—we think we know who the murderer is—ask

Murder for Tea

Continued from page 8

the sergeant if you don't believe me!" Back in the shadows, Sergeant O'Connor was nodding slowly. "But what we haven't been able to do up to the present is lay hands upon one single bit of evidence for our knowledge's proving!"

I gaped at him. "But what can you—what are you going to do?" I asked.

He shrugged. He said, "I don't know. I've an idea. Remember what I told you once before? I'm thinking it's high time for the Woman's Club to hold another tea!"

It seemed to me that my heart stopped beating. Because I'd remembered. I knew what he meant.

I have never been able to acquire, to my own satisfaction, the complete story of that night. What I know has come to me in little pieces, from newspaper accounts, from Shawn who never willingly speaks of it, and from the sergeant.

However, what I do know amounts to this: two boys who preferred communion with nature to the more prosaic routine of school were hiking along the Nashona River bank. Kicking through a thicket, they discovered half a dozen trays such as jewellers use in showcases for the display of rings. They found, too, a ring set with a rather bad cameo.

Displaying more sense than might have been expected of fifteen-year-olds, they had not touched the trays—one boy indeed staying on guard while the other walked to a nearby telephone and called the police—with the result that the police secured a lovely collection of fingerprints, none of which were checkable locally.

John Phillips identified the trays as the property of the Bethune Jewellery Company, and the ring as one of their cheaper line; the questionable fingerprints were sent to Washington, and there the matter rested.

UNTIL the arrival of Nicholas Fierocelli. Mr. Fierocelli was a businessman of a rather specialised type. From him, small storekeepers obtained lines of cheap jewellery for the replenishment of their stocks.

He called himself a jewellery "broker," but to reputable firms who'd heard of him he was known as a "fence" and never did salesman's samples vanish from warehouse or station, nor notice of a jewellery robbery reach the papers, but there was wise nodding of heads among the initiated and the prophecy that Nick Fierocelli had made a good haul.

Not that they called him Fierocelli. They referred to him as the "Greeks" which was a misnomer. He was not Greek, but Italian.

He was a small man, brown rather than black, with expressive hands and a scar that climbed diagonally up his throat, a souvenir of a disgruntled client's attempt at murder.

He came into Nashona inconspicuously by car and might have rested unnoticed had not a Federal man, intent upon another trail, chanced to catch a glimpse of him at a stop light. Red changed to green. The long dark car shot ahead and the Federal man, not quite convinced, drove thoughtfully to the police station where he contacted a startled and interested Sergeant O'Connor.

"Had a jewellery robbery here a while back didn't you? Well, if I'm not mistaken I just saw Nick Fierocelli. Looks as if there might be a deal on. Better get a line out, hadn't you?"

The sergeant had sworn wholeheartedly and broadcast a hurry call via radio for a car driven by a tall, well-complexioned man, Wisconsin licence plates 144-682. But the machinery of the law was slow getting into action and by the time its wheels were turning Fierocelli had holed in among the rats' nests of Lower Town.

"From which," I said disagreeably, "you felt called upon to smoke him out!"

Shawn grinned. We were now in the house, in the kitchen as a matter of fact.

It was six o'clock and we were having breakfast. We were being as noisy as we wanted to be since I'd awakened Aunt Lide to tell her, "Jimmy Collins is here, darling. Do you mind if I make him something

to eat?" and Aunt Lide had said, "Of course not," and turned over comfortably and gone back to sleep.

Now Shawn said, "I didn't smoke him out. We never got to him."

"Never got to him!" I echoed. "Then, what—Good heavens! Well, I hope you think you've accomplished something by this running around but it sounds crazy to me. Maquering!"

This last was a direct hit. Shawn, glancing down at his dirty corduroys, grinned gently and reminiscently.

"You insult me and my trousers, m'cumbula," he said reprovingly. "Nevertheless I will not be taking offence since this day behind the steel door of the town's silly gasol can be found a part of the men who robbed the Bethune Jewellery Store!"

"A part of them!" I said. "Oh, Shawn! I thought you had them all!"

"Where the minnows swim the big fish gather," Shawn remarked obscurely. "The sergeant's well pleased with his catch."

Unexpectedly Jimmy laughed.

"You might put it plainer, old man. After all, Kit and I have spent our time hovering on the edges of this affair. If you've a story, for goodness sake tell it!"

At which Shawn became slightly more informative. He'd been in the sergeant's office when the Federal man came in and he'd been intrigued with what he learned of Nick Fierocelli. When the sergeant's dragnet brought no results and the sergeant, wrapped in the deeper mystery of the killings, showed an inclination to let the matter die of its own accord, Shawn decided to take it up.

He was reasonably certain that he was unknown to Lower Town, but as a precaution he'd secured a costume consisting of cheap corduroy trousers, cotton jersey and cap. He'd torn the jersey artistically and driven Aunt Lide's car over the cap and trousers, first on the oil-soaked floor of the garage and later in the dust of an unfrequented road, until they were sufficiently disreputable. He had then left them in the garage pending night.

He'd waited until he was sure I was asleep and then he'd dressed in the tweed suit since even his intrepid soul quailed at the prospect of skipping between house and garage clad only in his underwear. He'd taken the car to the top of the bluff and left it. Then, as we had done, he'd gone on foot into Lower Town to find Nick Fierocelli.

"But," I objected, "how could you expect to find him? The sergeant had failed—"

Mischief leaped in Shawn's eyes. "Ah, but I'd gone with something to trade which was more than the sergeant'd thought of."

"To trade," I said. "What do you mean?"

"This."

He unclosed his hand, eyeing me wickedly, and I stared stupidly at a familiar ring. Recognition came. I snatched at it.

"Shawn! You didn't dare! My engagement ring!"

"I'd the need for it," Shawn explained without shame, "and there it lay convenient to my hand. Besides I'd not the intention of letting it go, bargain or none, do not think it!"

I didn't think it. I slipped the ring on my finger, vowed that there it would remain. I said, grimly, "Go on."

Shawn went on.

To be continued

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only make-shifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else!

RADIANT HEALTH



Keen on games... clever at school... full of life... thanks to Eno's "Fruit Salt." Eno allows no poisons to get into her system to make her miserable. Give Eno to your children.

**ENOS
FRUIT SALT**

**Soothes Skin
irritations**



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.



KEEP HEALTHY

THIS NATURAL WAY

You can end constipation naturally, promptly, effectively with NYAL FIGSEN. Figen is a pleasant-tasting lozette. Chew one or two tablets before retiring. Figen acts overnight without disturbing your sleep. No stomach upsets, no gripping pain. In the morning Figen acts—mildly, gently, but thoroughly. Figen is equally good for young and old. Sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3d a tin.

The next best thing to Nature...

Nyal Figen
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

HIGH BLOOD
PRESSURE

Don't fear High Blood Pressure, because it can be controlled and brought to a safe level by taking a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and following the Menthoid Diet Chart.

Constant headaches, poor circulation, failing sight, falling memory, dizziness, flushest, and kidney and bladder weaknesses are often caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer in this way start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, purify your blood, and give you new vitality.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient. Every flask of Menthoids contains the valuable diet chart which will help you. Get a 6-10 flask or 10 Menthoids (month's treatment), or 3/8 (12-day) flask of 36, from your nearest chemist or store to-day.

Be Sure to Get
Genuine DR. MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS

Fashion FROCK SERVICE



• The "DOROTHY" suit and slacks provide an attractive and economical week-end wardrobe.

FEATURING a smartly-tailored skirt, slacks, and trim, longish jacket to match, the "Dorothy" is a splendid investment. The jacket teams perfectly with either slacks or skirt.

The "Dorothy" is made in a very heavy woven linen in the attractive shades of brilliant red, navy, pale blue, sage-blue, airforce-blue, natural, grey, white, sunset-pink, and medium deep pink.

The design features a smart tailored jacket teamed with a six-gored skirt. The slacks are extremely tailored and well-fitting. The practical little suit is ideal for the business girl. The same jacket worn with the slacks presents a most delightful suit for more active sport.

This outfit may also be obtained traced on to the material—all ready to be cut out and sewn by the home dressmaker.

Prices for the ready-made suit and slacks: Sizes 32ins. and 34ins. busts, Suit, 38/11. Separate jacket, 12/11, and separate slacks, 19/11. Sizes 36ins. and 38ins. busts, Suit,

39/11. Separate jacket, 21/-, and separate slacks, 21/-. Postage, 10/d. extra.

Traced, ready to make. Sizes 32ins. and 34ins. busts, Suit, 28/6. Separate jacket, 14/11. Slacks, 14/11. Sizes 36ins. and 38ins. busts, Suit, 29/6. Separate jacket, 15/6. Slacks, 15/6. Plus 10/d. postage extra.

How to obtain "DOROTHY." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for the required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In all other States use addresses given on the pattern page in this issue. Ask for "DOROTHY."

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ALWAYS HORROCKSES

and Why. Because the endurance and snowy whiteness of these sheets and pillowcases is no myth.

They are still Sheets and Pillowcases after long years of wear and washing, and the modern housewife, as did her great, great grandmother, relies on obtaining the best by asking for

Horrockses

Sheets Pillowcases & Towels

MAKERS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

*'worth a
guinea a box'*



**Beecham's
Pills**
For a
ripe old age!

Today there are millions of happy, healthy people who have found Beecham's Pills to be the secret of life-long fitness. Why don't you adopt the Golden Rule of Health and take Beecham's Pills to keep free from everyday ills? Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable; gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Take them from today!

Obtainable everywhere.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LAXATIVE

*Film Stars take this
daily Beauty Bath
to keep skin smooth
..desirable. Do you?*

EVERYONE admires the charm of smooth, fragrant skin. Popular girls everywhere follow the film stars' tip—use Lux Toilet Soap every day. When you're tired and have a date to keep, try this refreshing beauty bath. You'll love the delicate fragrance that clings about you. You'll be sure of daintiness.



LUX TOILET SOAP

Costs so little — lasts so long

L.T. 72.1

**OH-H. ANOTHER
BEASTLY LADDER!
THAT CUTS OUT
NEXT WEEK'S
PICTURE SHOW.**

YOU'D SAVE POUNDS ON
STOCKINGS, MY DEAR, IF YOU
LUXED 'EM EVERY NIGHT. WHY
LOOK—THERE'S AN AD. ON THE
SCREEN NOW!

*LUX stockings
after every wearing*

LUX REMOVES OUT
PERSPIRATION ACIDS
THAT WEAKEN
THREADS AND CAUSE
LADDERING — RESTORES
ELASTICITY

LUX

I SAVE ON
STOCKINGS NOW
I'M USING LUX.
AND IT KEEPS
THEM SO SMOOTH
FITTING — MY
LEGS LOOK
A MILLION!

Strategic heart of the South-West Pacific Area



POPULAR MELBOURNE MEETING PLACE for the thousands of Australian and Allied troops and their friends is Flinders Street corner outside the station.



TEA FOR LADY BLAMEY and Lady Lavarack (standing) with voluntary helpers at the A.I.F. Women's Association, in Collins Street, on Lady Blamey's first visit to the rooms since her return to Australia.



"THIS IS HOW IT WORKS," says General Sir Thomas Blamey to Lady Blamey during a tour of inspection of "The Dug Out," Melbourne's latest recreation centre for Allied service men.

Colorful drama in the pageantry of Melbourne, our military capital

By ALICE JACKSON

To-day the military capital of the South-West Pacific Area, Melbourne, is the most interesting city in the Southern Hemisphere.

Its suddenly acquired international atmosphere rivals that of London, Lisbon, New York.

Long-range plans evolved within the creeper-covered walls of Victoria Barracks are deciding the future of Australia, placing dramatic new pages in the world story of democracy.

IN the fascinating kaleidoscope of the streets, in the jostling crowds of the hotel lounges, Melbourne has become a world stage. The background, the flashbacks embrace so many countries, so many stirring scenes, tragedies, triumphs... Armageddon.

Whoever guessed that quiet Melbourne would be so thronged with these uniformed men of the services in such bewildering variety—Australian, New Zealand, Dutch, Javanese, American, R.A.P.!

Service uniforms of Australian nurses mingle with those of America and New Zealand, with those of the women of the A.W.A.S., the W.A.A.A.F., the many voluntary organisations, and the uniformed women replacing men on the trams, buses, and lifts.

Drop in to an hotel lounge at 5 p.m. The scene is always lively, unusual, touching... A.I.F. men come from Rabaul, Malaya, the Middle East enjoying brief, happy reunions with families and friends; men of the R.A.A.F. and R.A.P. and R.N.Z.A.F. exchanging the experiences of active service.

Listen-in to the haunting scraps of conversation.

"On Mount Olympus... Gosh, he was tough, wasn't he?"

"Yes, taken prisoner with the lot at Rejimo... We couldn't get word through to them that we were evacuating, and they fought till their amputation ran out."

"Queer thing. His head was above the trench level when some flak knocked his helmet off. Popped his head up again without the helmet. Caught it, of course."

"Marvellous doctor. Finished a

wonderful operation on a fellow about 10 minutes before he got his..."

Strange talk from the groups of women, too.

"We had just ten minutes to get out... Left everything... Beautiful carved blackwood furniture... What do possessions matter any more? Thank God we all got here..."

"You know George and Marion had to get into different boats... He hasn't heard a word about her since."

A middle-aged man makes his way to a table. A couple of weeks ago I saw Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippines, at that table. The murmur of women enlightens me about the identity of the man now taking a seat. "The Rajah of Sarawak, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke... He has a suite for himself and his retinue at the hotel."

World figures

WHAT a dramatic family! Each of them has made the headlines of the world's Press—Sir Charles himself, the outspoken Rane, and the romance-loving "Princesses" Pearl, Gold, and Ba-ba. Everyone knows their stories.

In the street a vivid brunette becomingly dressed in a deep violet costume, a tall Chinese amah and a little dark sun-tanned boy stroll by... Mrs. MacArthur, Arthur, and Ah Yeu, Arthur's amah.

Melbourne talks a lot about this trio. "Mrs. MacArthur is really the most charming woman, so simple, unaffected, with that soft southern voice. Everyone's in love with her."

"You know, she's from Tennessee. She says Ah Yeu's like an old

southern mammy, she's so devoted to Arthur. He calls her 'Ah Do,' and has picked up a quaint pidgin flavor to his English... It always tickles the MacArthurs when Arthur says very firmly, 'That blue book's mine, and that red book, he belongs to me, too!'

Melbourne chuckled when Mrs. MacArthur, who hates public speaking, told the story of how shortly after the Chinese clipper service was inaugurated she flew home for a holiday. It was still something of a sensation for anyone to take a long journey by flying boat.

"When I got to my home town in Tennessee," related Mrs. MacArthur, "my old teacher said, 'Now, Jean, I want you to come over to the school and tell all the boys and girls something about your trip.'"

"Oh, I just couldn't do that," I told him. "You know, I'm too nervous to say a word in public."

"But Jean," he said, "these are just the boys and girls you went to school with. You couldn't be nervous of them, and they'd all be awfully hurt if you didn't say a few words to them."

So Mrs. MacArthur reluctantly consented to "say a few words."

"But do you know," she adds with sparkling eyes, "I went out and bought a 'National Geographical Magazine' to study up what I ought to tell them about the trip. The boys and girls said it was an awfully good talk—but I didn't feel I'd really earned all their praise."

Melbourne chuckled, too, when Ah Yeu, deciding to stick to her own national garb, went to a tailor to be measured for trousers.

"Gold to-day!" said the tailor, conversationally.

To his surprise, Ah Yeu, thinking he sought information on the weather, politely stooped down, carefully counted her nether garments and informed him, with care-

ful exactitude, "It's one-pantie, two-pantie, three-pantie cold!"

Ah Yeu has been a baby-amah since she was 13 years old, but somehow she has also managed to have a private life of her own. She is married, and has two sons fighting in the Chinese army.

One of the big hotels is the temporary home of Sir Thomas Blamey, C-in-C. of the Allied land forces in the south-west Pacific, and Lady Blamey.

Soldiers and nurses returned from Egypt, who talked to me about Lady Blamey, were all high in the praise of the work she has done with the Red Cross in the Middle East.

One friend of mine, an A.I.F. officer who'd been through the campaigns in Libya, Greece, and Crete, and had a long spell in hospital, told me:

Visited sick

"LADY BLAMEY was a perfect goddess to the sick soldiers. She used to visit us regularly, bring comforts, and write letters for those too sick to write their own. You can't imagine what a joy it was for the men to have a talk with her."

"She was practical, too," he said, "with a true Australian flair for improvisation. They were always short of glasses in the canteens, and she hit on the idea of cutting down empty beer-bottles. They always use them now, and the boys have christened them 'Lady Blameys'."

But I couldn't get Lady Blamey to talk much about her work. She was most anxious to impress on me that what she did was "nothing at all compared with the work of Red Cross workers such as Miss Larke, Commandant of the Women's Unit, and Miss Ebbsworth."

In a charming Old-World cottage in a quiet suburb, Lady Mackay has made a temporary home. "It's a wonderful rest for my husband," she

says, "to be able to relax for a while in the garden, sometimes."

As a matter of fact, Lady Mackay's warm hospitality has made it an oasis of home, too, for innumerable friends of the fighting services.

"Domestic help? Haven't any," she says cheerily. "War work and munitions have first claim on women who are able to work, so I just manage without."

Always cheerful, always busy, an untiring worker for the A.I.F., she never gives any hint of her private worries... but the Mackays' only son, Iven John, is among those missing since Singapore. Their elder daughter, Jean, whose husband, Captain Bill Traversa, is a prisoner of war in Germany, is on service with a W.A.A.F. detachment in the Middle East.

In the shopping crowds, American soldiers are always popular. Many shops have marked prices in dollars.

What do they buy? I asked in a music shop. "Records of Tommy Dorsey, Glen Miller and his band," I was told. "They ask us to play them over several times. Then they leave them here and say, 'We'll come in again to-morrow to hear them some more, if that's okay by you?'"

I asked in a jeweller's shop. "Opals," said the jeweller. "Especially black opals... and engagement rings."

All the shops speak highly of the good behaviour of the U.S.A. troops and sailors. "They are so polite and grateful."

Everyone tells a similar story. "These Americans certainly do know how to behave."

Accommodation has run out everywhere. The American Red Cross will soon open a large hostel in Exhibition Street.

And every Saturday there are weddings... weddings... weddings. Twenty wedding receptions in one Saturday at some of the large hotels. Every pavement has its perennial quota of confetti.

At the headquarters of the A.W.A.S. Lieut.-Colonel Sybil Irving and her staff officers are making a drive for recruits to increase the strength of the Women's Army by 1500.

Nearby Wing-Officer Clare Stevenson, of the W.A.A.F., and her staff cope with a big increase in enrolments.

And all these are but pin points in the pattern... the vast intricate pattern of cosmopolitan Melbourne to-day... Melbourne at war... and making a good job of it.

See Melbourne pictures page 17



EARLY MORNING RUSH at a leading retail store last week. Shoppers seeking necessities were often crowded out by panic buyers.

Selfish greed prompted wave of panic buying

We're letting down the boys when we behave like this

The group of women gathered by the pillar in the centre of the shop's dress material department at 9.25 a.m. were in sight of two notices.

Above them hung on the pillar was a notice that read "Air Raid Assembly Point, No. 1."

Before them was a barricade shutting in the woollen goods department and it carried the second notice, "To-day's Quota Sold Out." This second notice was the one that was worrying them. The warning of the first seemed to have lost its power to disturb them.

THEY were just a few of the Australians who shared in last week's orgy of panic buying, the most lamentable display of lack of public spirit put on by the people of this country since the war began.

The shopping orgy began at a time when our ears were full of the sound of battle off the north-east coast of Queensland.

It began on a Saturday morning when every Australian should surely have halted before the dawning realisation that the Japanese battle fleet in the Coral Sea may have been headed for an attack on Australia.

It continued in the face of the knowledge that men were dying out there to save Australia from attack.

It swept on through a week that hour by hour might have brought news of the awaited attack.

It concerned itself with selfish and frivolous things just when every Australian might have been expected to have no thought of anything but his country's peril.

At such a time, how dared we think of hats and gloves, of trinkets and tablecloths,

how dared we care to match colors and choose silks?

But we did . . . and that's cause for shame.

Critics of the Government's premature announcement of rationing ahead have been many and loud. The Government's handling of the matter has been declared a bungle.

But if Mr. Curtin made a mistake, that mistake lay in the faith he had in the people he leads. In announcing the new clothes regulations, he asked that no extra shopping be done, no unnecessary purchases be made in the weeks before the issue of ration cards.

Clear duty

HE believed, apparently, that Australians would obey this clear extension of his repeated requests that money should be saved, that only essentials should be purchased, that War Savings Certificates and bonds might be bought with every penny we could spare for the nation's need.

But we let him down . . . miserably.

The reaction to his speech was a selfish listing of personal



BUSY SHOE DEPARTMENT in a city store during last week's spell of panic buying.

wants, a rush to the shops to fill them.

War Savings Certificates were sold, savings accounts depleted to supply the necessary money for the great shopping grab that coincided with the first great battle for Australia, the first great battle near Australia.

It wasn't a pretty exhibition.

Until the shops, in desperation, began to limit purchases, women bought all they could. Some took away parcels containing more warm underclothes than they would need in three or four winters.

Men and women with rolls of notes grabbed clothing of any size and color and took the lot.

"They'd buy anything at any price," a store manager said in disgust.

"It's sheer greed," said a salesgirl, showing stockings to a panting crowd.

That's just what it was—sheer greed. A selfish determination to lay in a store for future needs with an utter dis-

regard for what would be left for others.

The panic gathered size like a snowball. Those who hesitated to join in at first began to fear there really would be nothing left. They joined the next day's throng.

The ugly spectre of black markets loomed up as it became apparent that some people were buying not just for themselves but with an eye to profitable resale for them.

All decent people will have a contempt for them.

But the majority of shoppers were just grabbing, contributing to a wave of selfishness that makes Australia's feeling of national service look shabby indeed.

Is this the best we have to offer our country in its hour of most desperate need?

Surely the Australian spirit now is one of share and share alike?

If it cannot rise above so trifling a trial as the need to make do with fewer clothes than usual, how will it finch before sterner ordeals; how

THIS NOTICE appeared in most departments affected by clothes rationing as early as 10 a.m. each day last week.

will it be if things get really tough here in this almost untouched land of plenty?

The 'boys in Singapore, in Moresby, in Tobruk will wonder what came over Australian women last week.

Perhaps it is because we have suffered so little on our own soil that we are slow to realise that personal selfishness is a national crime in wartime.

Last week gave us examples.

The early morning rushes that closed the shops by 10 or 11 a.m. excluded business girls from a chance to buy even immediate necessities.

It excluded busy mothers who could not get into town so early. Mothers with two or three young children were arriving at midday to be told that the children's wear was sold out.

And it was all so unnecessary.

The whole scheme of clothes rationing is being designed to ensure that everybody will have what he needs.

When your ration cards or coupons are issued, you will be able to buy all you need to keep you warm, comfortable, and decently clad.

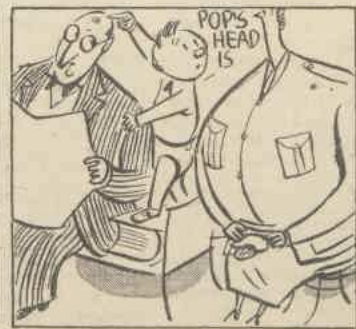
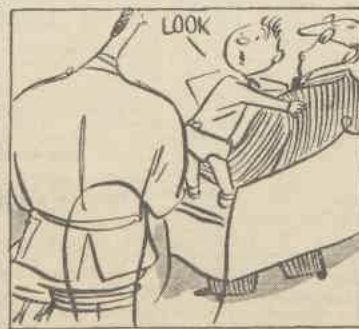
The past week of un-Australian hysteria cannot be passed over with a sigh for human weakness.

No Government action would be too severe against any clothes hoarders or black market racketeers who can be discovered. Their ill-gotten stocks might well be confiscated and restored to the common pool.

But more than that. We need to look into our hearts and make a change there if the critical times ahead are to be won through with decency, courage, and unselfishness.

Australia is still a land of plenty, plenty for everyone, and no need to grab.

Let each be content with his share. It will be enough.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



DR. J. KEITH ROBERTS

... Distinguished scientist

RECENTLY elected Fellow of the Royal Society, Dr. J. K. Roberts is one of the youngest men to receive this rare honor.

Graduated with M.Sc. honors from Melbourne University. Studied under Lord Rutherford at Cambridge, where he obtained his Ph.D. Specialised in tropical diseases. His treatise on "Heat and Thermodynamics" ranks as one of the world's best books on the subject. Is now doing important work for the Admiralty in England.



MAJOR C. JAMES

... Headmistress of A.T.S.

THE Auxiliary Territorial Services now have their own "headmistress." She is Mrs. C. James, aged 30, and her job is to see that the A.T.S. girls get all facilities for study in their spare time.

She holds the rank of Senior Commander (Major). Mrs. James has an Oxford degree, and her father, Dr. Thomas Loveday, is Vice-Chancellor of Bristol University.



SIR ALBERT BUSSAU

... A.R.P. work

RECALLED from England to advise his Government on A.R.P. methods, Sir Albert Bussau, Agent-General for Victoria, has wide practical experience of the work, gained in London air raids. Praises London A.R.P. system, of which he has intimate knowledge.

Sir Albert was a former Attorney-General and Minister for Transport, Victoria.

WHERE TIME PASSES SLOWLY . . .

Australians describe life as prisoners of war

"Making the time pass" is the main worry of the hundreds of Australians who are prisoners of war.

Their letters tell of how they fill their time—with study, sport, concerts, cooking, farm-work, even beetle races with cigarettes as the stakes.

The Australian Women's Weekly pays £1 each for letters or extracts from letters from members of the fighting services published on this page. For briefer extracts payment is 5/-.

Staff-Sgt. A. E. Bowey, A.A.M.C., in Italy, to his family at Prospect, S.A.:

"HERE is your prisoner. Man in his time plays many parts, but I scarcely expected ever to play this one.

"It is not my idea of having a thoroughly good time, but on the other hand it is not nearly so bad as probably you imagine. I am doing nothing save eat, sleep, play bridge and chess, and generally hunt for ways of filling in time.

"For the first six weeks after my capture I continued working at my normal job in an Italian hospital, chiefly looking after our own wounded, though for a short time we had a few Italian and German patients also. I didn't expect to be doing that when I left.

"On several evenings the wounded of each side sang to the others in turn.

"One of my most pleasant memories is of German, British, and Australian soldiers singing together, though with different words, the old 'Holy Night'.

"For a time it really seemed worth being captured to hear that.

"Since then, except for a period in a German camp where we worked and were paid, I have been with the Italians, who do not make us work, but, of course, do not pay us. We are able to receive letters and parcels now.

"I am quite well, and have friends here. The greatest hardship here is the complete lack of reliable news. I shall have to learn about this war when it is over, which, naturally, I hope will not be long."

Gunner John Howe at Gruppignano Camp, North Italy, to his wife, Mrs. Tony Howe, Black Rock, Vic.:

"MY first two parcels have arrived.

"Imagine how excited I was, me standing there with my eyes sticking out watching all the things I needed come out of the box and wondering what would be next.

"It was just like watching a magician producing things out of a hat!

"The football was a riot, and history was made when the first game of Australian football by Aussie prisoners of war in Italy was played that same day!

"The boys went mad, and reckon it is the best parcel yet!"

The Prisoner's Song

Corporal David ("Scotty") King, to his mother in Hurstville, N.S.W.:

"WE put in a fair bit of time walking round the compound whistling 'The Prisoner's Song.' I know what that song means now."

Corporal M. D. Higgins, Camp Gruppignano, Italy, to his mother, Mrs. M. Higgins, 31 Scott St., Belmore, N.S.W.:

"WE have beetle races, with bookmakers to handle the bets, and we use cigarettes to pay with."

Private Jack Stevenson, in Gruppignano Camp, Italy, to Miss M. Simpson, 15 Brixton Rd., Lidcombe, N.S.W.:

"DON'T you dare send me fancy work. Books would be more useful.

"I am learning dancing. Now

and again we have a fancy-dress ball. I go as Stan Laurel."

Sergeant C. H. Perry, in Italy, to his wife, Mrs. Joyce Perry, 78 Harris St., Harris Park, N.S.W.:

"I've bought an overcoat from another sergeant for 200 English cigarettes on time payment.

"I shall be set for the winter. We use cigarettes as currency in the camp, two Italian to one English."

Private William Thompson, to his mother, Mrs. H. Thompson, Natimuk, Vic.:

"IN one of the barrack rooms one end is a church, the other a theatre. It is quite usual on Sunday mornings for seventeen priests to be saying mass at the same time.

"There are French, Yugoslavs, Russians, Poles, and English troops here."



PTE. A. G. ELDRIDGE . . . made an apple pie that rivalled mother's.



LIEUT. J. FEARNLEY . . . is studying dozens of subjects.



STAFF-SERG. A. E. BOWEY . . . looked after wounded prisoners.



INTERNATIONAL Red Cross Committee's ship loading parcels at Lisbon. Every prisoner of war receives a parcel every ten days.

Pte. A. G. Eldridge at Stalag VIIA in Germany to his parents in Station St., North Carlton, Vic.:

"THERE were dried apples in my Red Cross parcel, so on Sunday I crushed up lbs. of the biscuits from the parcel into a powder, mixed a little water, sugar, coco-milk with them, and spread them over the apples, boiled it on the stove, and then wrapped it in a blanket to keep it warm till meal time.

"I made a thick cream of powdered milk, and it was so good it even rivalled my apple pies. The biscuits rose up just like a sponge cake."

A member of the 5th Aust. Gen. Hospital unit, which volunteered to stay behind with our wounded, to friends in Orange, N.S.W.:

"THE wounded are behaving like heroes, and are accepting the difficult position in true Aussie spirit.

"The Germans transported them back to us by plane, and have undoubtedly saved many lives by speedy transport and human handling of our men.

"There are two members of the unit who own instruments, and each night they visit one of the wards and cheer up the sick by rendering popular songs. They are just playing 'South of the Border'."

"A few nights ago some of our staff organised a concert, and by co-operation of patients and staff we enjoyed a very pleasant entertainment."

"The concert was held in the courtyard between a couple of ward blocks, and we lined window-ledges, columns, and walls, making the scene somewhat reminiscent of a crowd of schoolboys.

"A cosmopolitan gathering arrayed in shorts, singlets, pyjamas, and various other coverings.

"In keeping with the nature of our work the show was opened by the orchestra playing snake-charm music around a coffin containing a live 'corpse'."

"From the foregoing you will appreciate the fact that our sense of humor is in no sense impaired."

Lieut. J. Fearnley at Offag VIB to his sister in Brookfield, Qld.:

"HOW are the dogs? I wish I had one. The only ones here are big Alsatians outside the fence to catch us if we escape.

"We are 800 strong, and are accommodated in very modern barracks. These are small, detached concrete buildings, self-contained re-septics and washing.

"The camps are served by a central kitchen and canteen; eight of us share a room, where we mess, food being distributed in bulk to the barracks.

"The rooms are reasonably comfortable, and well lit and ventilated.

"We get one-fifth kilo of rye bread and 2oz margarine daily—for breakfast, tea or coffee; dinner, soup and potatoes, or rice or noodles and tea; at 4 o'clock, tea, jam or cheese, and at 7 o'clock cocoa or tea; meat and fish ration twice a week.

"One bottle of lemonade a day, and one beer a fortnight! Wines and spirits as ordered by the commandant. So far he hasn't ordered any!

"There are two parades daily. The rest of the time there are lectures, and we play basketball, cricket, etc.

"I am taking lectures in French, navigation, astronomy and accountancy, as well as dozens of other subjects.

"We get one really good hot shower once a week, and the cold ones are getting mighty cold now, too.

"We are allowed to use the kitchen twice a week for private cooking. To-day I made salmon rissoles and bread and butter pudding."

TUESDAY MAY 26th

The DRAWING DAY of the

RED CROSS

£5000

DREAM HOME

(And an additional £1000 in 80 other prizes)
Art Union will be drawn at 2.30 on MAY 26

at the SYDNEY TOWN HALL

in the presence of THE POLICE, THE PRESS, and THE PUBLIC.
All Ticket-holders invited to Attend.

CONCERT AND DRAWING to be Broadcast from 2GB and Network.

Absolutely your last chance

TO WIN

FREE

A Home of Your Own

For Every 5 Tickets You Buy You Will Receive
AN EXTRA TICKET FREE

Send back your butts and cash before the closing date, May 21.

Box 65CC, G.P.O., Sydney.

Or call at 39 Martin Place, Ground Floor.



MAKING THEIR CHOICE. Mr. Robert Grinnell, Vice-Consul for America, with Lieutenants Mary Connolly and Mary Christy, U.S. Army nurses, at reception in their honor given by Consul-General for America, Mr. Ely Palmer, and Mrs. Palmer.



HOME AGAIN. Bombardier Alec Roje, who has just returned from Middle East, and his wife. While Alec has leave he and Marie are staying at Mrs. Lang Gibson's home at Vauchuse.

Heard Around TOWN

INTERSTATE interest in announcement of engagement of Lieut. James Essington Lewis, A.I.F., elder son of Director-General of Munitions, and Mary Hewitt . . . she is daughter of Mr. Robert Hewitt, of Toronto, N.S.W.

As soon as James arrives back in Australia he travels to Toronto to bring his fiancée back to Melbourne.

Mrs. Essington Lewis arranges house party at country home. Landscape, so Mary may meet immediate relatives.

Mary has lovely engagement ring . . . emerald surrounded by diamonds. She returns shortly to continue her nursing duties at Prince Alfred.

LATEST recruit in office of American Army Headquarters is Karma Aboud, of Bowral . . . while living in Melbourne she is sharing flat with Mrs. Adrian Quist.

A DATE for your diary—tea dance at the Australian Hall, Elizabeth Street, on May 30.

Party is being organised by members of the A.A.S.C. Auxiliary, and they are inviting men of R.A.P., A.I.F., and U.S. Army.

DINNER party at Globe Hotel, Albury, given by Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Gill to celebrate engagement of only daughter, Jeanette, to Private Edward Butterfield. He is son of the G. Butterfields, of Corowa.



BETTY FIELD and Denise Yaffa visit the Red Cross Dream Home at Beauty Point. Both are voluntary workers at office of Art Union, which will be drawn on May 26.

LOVELY sapphire and diamond ring for Helen Bye, of Manly, who announces her engagement to Gunner Bill Perdriau . . . Bill has been on active service abroad for two years.

Helen is youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bye, of Bellevue Hill, and her fiancé youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. S. Perdriau, of Manly.



ARRANGING TRANSPORT ROSTERS. Lesley Curtis, superintendent of Red Cross Transport Service, with secretary Beryl Craig.

INTIMATE GOTTINGS

ROMANTIC reason why Sue Gullett and handsome Lieut. Robert Odell, assistant military attache at American Legation, choose St. John's Church, Toorak, for their marriage on June 6.

Robert's parents were married there when they met in Australia while on a world tour.

Sue has already chosen her bridesmaids . . . and there will be five. They are Joan Gullett, Sue Fraser, Fay Stoddart, Helen Wood, and Hazel Leonard.

All will wear white to match bride's gown.

Robert and Sue, who have known each other for only six months, choose an engagement ring of diamonds, with baguette shoulders.

Sue is only daughter of late Sir Henry Gullett and of Lady Gullett, of Orchard Cottage, Toorak, and her fiancé is son of late Ralph Odell and of Mrs. Odell, of Concord, Carolina.

TO Government House for Lady Wakehurst's reception for A.I.F. nurses returned from abroad and also for U.S. nurses . . . Lady Wakehurst invites lots of Air Force trainees also. Is kept very busy introducing everyone.

I talk to Sister Janet Cook . . . she was one of the nurses to go through Greek campaign . . . "just waiting to be sent to our battle stations now," she says, "and we're all longing to be on active service once again."

U.S. nurses echo that wish.

LEURA is to be future address for

Mrs. Bruce Watchorn and her daughter, Rosemary . . . have Mrs. Mick Bardsley's house for duration.



AT AMERICAN SOCIETY'S reception Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. D. Weingarh meet Colonel R. Legge, of U.S. Forces. Reception is given at Pickwick Club in honor of American Ambassador (Mr. Nelson Johnson) and his wife.



READING TELEGRAMS of congratulation. Major and Mrs. John Graham at reception after their marriage. Bride was Patricia Cahill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Cahill, of Haberfeld.



LEAVING THE CHURCH. Major George Bertram, of Melbourne, and his bride, who are married at St. Canice's. Bride is Eileen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. O'Brien, of Harroo, Dora Creek.



SEWING CIRCLE. Members of Young Contingent of Victoria League at work. From left: Constance Gibbons, Anne Hill, Mrs. Tom Bateman, and Helen Shirley. Clothes are sent to England for air-raid victims.

ONLY one complaint from U.S. nurses do I hear when I meet them at the Ely Palmers' party . . . mails from America are so slow.

They love Australia and find the people lavish with hospitality.

Learn that all nurses are lieutenants, but in conversation they are addressed as "Miss So-and-so."

Hit of the party is Mr. Ely Palmer's favorite cocktail, "coconut milk," made of gin and vanilla ice-cream . . . equal parts well shaken.

LOVELY white orchids for bridal bouquet when Betty Broughton marries Gunner Graydon Everingham at St. Anne's Church, Strathfield.

Betty, daughter of the Cliff Broughtons, of Pennant Hills, carries tiny Brussels lace handkerchief to conform to "something old" tradition . . . belonged to grandmother.

VISITORS to Sydney . . . Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. "Snow" Thompson, who spend few days at Hotel Australia.

"Snow" has been on sick leave, so he and Rita have brief holiday at Dubbo with Mrs. Nick Strahorn.

Rita tells me she is voluntary worker in Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service at Royal Melbourne Hospital.

FAMILY touch at Prince's . . . While Mrs. Alexis Albert is hostess at luncheon party her parents, the Frank Alberts, mind her two small sons at a nearby table.

Mrs. Albert's guests are Mrs. Margaret Fielding Jones, Mrs. Tom Vincent, and Mrs. Dick Allen.

Margaret has been living for some months at Gostwyck, Armidale, the Dangar homestead.

CHARMINGLY furnished flat at Chatsbury, Elizabeth Bay, for Mr. and Mrs. William Newton, who have just returned from their honeymoon.

Mrs. Newton was formerly Marjorie Kirkpatrick.

Betty

Melbourne life centres on the services



MEN OF ALLIED SERVICES give tongue lustily at community singing with voluntary helpers at Melbourne's new Dug Out Service Club.



SUNDAY NIGHT dance for Allied troops and "Victory Belles." More than 1000 girls attended as partners for servicemen.



AUTUMN SUNSHINE attracts American troops and their Melbourne friends into the Alexandra Gardens which the visitors have pronounced to be "really swell."



TO MELBOURNE for week-end leave. Problem of finding accommodation for sailors, soldiers, airmen, and servicewomen is acute.



MEAL TIME in self-service fashion in their own recreation centre at Kurrajong House, Collins Street, for members of the A.W.A.S. and W.A.A.F.



WHERE'S OUR TRAM? A typical scene on the safety zone outside Melbourne Town Hall. City gives the impression of having more soldiers than civilians these days.

"KIND of a wise

precaution," said Scattergood, "but, jest the same, three wrongs don't make a right."

"What three wrongs?"

"Wa-al, thes Juniors' wrong, shootin' at this here furriner. Then thes' the wrong of thes poor, ignorant, half-drunk men a-roarin' down here to take revenge into their own hands. Their notion of mobbin' Junior makes two wrongs."

"What's the third?" asked the sheriff.

"The third," said Scattergood, "is us smart men not bein' able to handle sich a mess 'thout violence 'n' sheddin' the blood of some of them there poor fellers that don't know no better."

"But we can't jest set 'n' let these men come 'n' grab Junior."

"A dozen or so of the boys with guns 'ud be a sickle precaution, figherin' to use 'em as a last resort," said Scattergood. "Better git your boys 'n' have 'em armed. Yes, sir. And make it brisk."

"What else kin we do?"

"Whilst you're a-gittin' 'em, and placin' 'em where ye want 'em to be," said Scattergood, "I'll kind of contrive. Yeah, and somebody better notify Junior's pa."

They took Junior into the gaol. Scattergood himself gave the ill news to Mr. Worth; then he sat down in Pat's chair to contrive. It was a problem not easy of solution.

A score or more of inflamed men were descending upon Coldriver to wreak vengeance upon a young man who had shot at one of their number. Scattergood knew them. They were simple men, ignorant men. But they could be dangerous even in their dullness. If they were like children it would be backward children subject to evil passions. Was there any way of dealing with such children except the whip? Was there any way to quell them save by the way that leads to bloodshed?

Down the street strolled Bob Fiddler. Scattergood squinted at the debonaire young man as he approached. "Huh," he grunted.

Bob came nearer. Scattergood cleared his throat. "How be ye, Bob?"

The Magical Touch

"Noble," Bob replied. "Happier than a little robin."

"Yeah? Wa-al, I kin take the keen edge off 'n' your joy," Scattergood said. "Junior's inside."

"Junior's in gaol. What's Junior done?"

"Ye might say, without exaggeratin'," Scattergood told him, "that the boy's busted the game laws. Yeah. He shot at a man instid of a deer."

"Where's Lanny?"

"I dunno. But her pa's been notified."

"I'm going to find her."

"Hold onto your hosses," said Scattergood. "Ye hain't heard it all yet. The man was one of these here laborers up to the dam. It riled 'em. The mob on its way to haul Junior out of gaol 'n' maybe lynch him."

"Where," asked Bob practically, "can I get a gun?"

"The 'I'll be plenty firearms," said Scattergood. "Kin ye think up any way mebbe to fix it so's they won't have to be used?"

"Junior's got to be protected."

"We agree onto that," said Scattergood. "But how about protectin' these here poor, mis'able fellers that don't know no better?"

"What protection do they deserve?"

"They got arms 'n' laigs like men," said Scattergood. "I calculate they git hungry 'n' cold. I calculate they mebbe got wives they're fond of, like other folks, 'n' mebbe children. The times when it's more important to perfect folks from themselves than it is from somebody else."

"Yes, I see," Bob said thoughtfully. "I see. Some men wouldn't have thought of that, Mr. Baines."

"Be you willin' to think about it?"

"I agree with you, but what can I do? We can't let them take Junior."

"They won't take Junior," promised Scattergood. "Look; the boys is arrivin' now. If wust was to come to wust we could shoot them poor fellers down in winnows. Bob, they got minds like bad, backward children. Children 'n' monkeys

flies from one thing to another. They set out to do suthin', and then their attention gits drawn off to suthin' else."

"I see," said Bob. "I see."

"Mebbe in a hull lifetime," Scattergood said, "a feller don't git to come to bat with two out and a chance to bat in the winnin' run."

Bob looked gravely at Scattergood. "It takes a good man to hit in the clutch."

"Be ye, or hain't ye?" Scattergood asked. "I dunno, Lanny, she don't know. I calculate she's mighty curious to find out."

Bob's hand went out and touched Scattergood's shoulder. "I'll give it the old college try," he said.

"I'll be bad if it don't work good," said Scattergood. "Bad fur both uv us."

"I've been in fights before."

"This'll be wuss'n a fight," said Scattergood. "Seems like the main danger won't be from them there crazy men."

"From whom?"

"Our friends that'll be waitin' in the gaol with guns," said Scattergood. "We'll be betwixt 'n' between. Supposin' this here mob don't stop fur nothin', but rushes. Our friends 'I'll have to shoot, and there we'll be."

"Why we? You're not part of it."

"Calculate you'll have to find a use fur me," Scattergood said placidly.

A couple of dozen armed men, young and middle-aged, were gathered before the gaol.

"Sheriff," said Scattergood, "seems like I'd place these here men where they can't be seen. Be a good idee if the street was clean deserted."

"You mean leave the way clear?"

"That's the ticket," said Scattergood. "Me 'n' Bob, here, 'I kind of finger where we be 'n' see if we can't persuade these here men away from violence."

"You're crazy. They'll tromple ye."

"Mebbe so," said Scattergood. "But I want ye should git every man plumb out of sight. And no-buddy's to go shootin' off his gun."

"But how'll they know when to shoot if it is necessary?" asked the sheriff.

"The won't be no doubt in no-buddy's mind when to shoot if shootin' becomes necessary," Scattergood said. "Um... Yonder comes Junior's pa—'n' his sister."

Mr. Worth sprang out of the car, and Lanny squirmed out from under the wheel and followed. "Where's my boy?" demanded Mr. Worth.

"He's inside, where no harm kin git to him," said Scattergood.

"I want him out. I'll furnish bail."

"Hain't no question of bail," said Scattergood. "More pressin' matter 'n' bail to attend to... No, ye can't go in to him now. You 'n' Lanny go where the sheriff tells ye to, 'n' stay there quiet."

"What does he mean, Bob?" Lanny demanded.

"Just a little matter of a mob," Bob said lightly. "Nothing to bother about."

"You mean there is a mob coming to get Junior—just because he shot at a man by accident?"

"This kind of a mob doesn't understand accidents," Bob said. "Junior'll be all right. Don't you worry."

He reached out a playful hand, snatched her handkerchief from her pocket, crumpled it in his palm. Then slyly scattered cards in all directions.

Her eyes were scornful and her voice stung: "You fool! You can do tricks when a mob is coming to lynch my brother."

"A good trick's a good trick," said Bob. "no matter when you do it."

"Come along, Miss Worth," commanded the sheriff. She gave Bob a withering look, turned on her heels, and followed her father and the sheriff across the street.

Coldriver seemed strangely deserted for a late Saturday afternoon, but men, women and children peered from windows and were afraid.

Scattergood sat in Pat's chair and Bob Fiddler leaned against the jamb of the gaol door. Parties of armed men were concealing Lanny and her father in Mrs. Fucker's millinery store could see all that was to be seen.

The telephone bell in the gaol office rang.

"They just passed Whitman's," announced the sheriff. It was a matter of minutes, almost of seconds.

"Bob, if they rush us," said Scattergood, who had seen more than one free-for-all fight, "throw yourself onto the floor and grab you an

Continued from page 3

armful of laigs. Pull as many down on top of ye as ye kin. Sort of perfects ye from kickin'." He grunted. "Also gives the boys a chance to fire over your head."

"It's the hard way of getting an audience."

Scattergood peered down the street. "They're a-comin'," he said quietly as a car came into view. Three other cars and a truck followed. Each was crowded with men—more than thirty of them. As this mechanised mob neared the heart of the village it slackened its pace. The leading car halted just across the bridge, and men armed with pick handles and axes leapt to the road. The occupants of the other cars joined them, and then there commenced a slow march towards the gaol door.

"Better grab your bat 'n' step up to the plate," said Scattergood.

Bob stepped away from a wall a couple of paces towards the mob. They halted. One man confronted them, and they did not understand it. Bob bowed from the waist and grinned. He waved his hands in the air with the habitual gesture of a conjurer.

"Nothing," he called to them pleasantly. "In my hands or up my sleeves." He rolled up his cuffs.

"Watch me closely now. The hand is quicker than the eye."

The mob was standing still, glowing.

"My friend here, Mr. Baines, is not a confederate. But he has kindly consented to help me."

"Shut oop," growled the voice of a leader.

"Patience. Patience," said Bob. "Watch every movement. Nothing in this hand. Nothing in the other hand. But behold!" He snatched the bat from Scattergood's head, turned it inside out, held it cupped, and then thrust in his fingers and drew out a live, kicking rabbit. Then, before they could recover from their astonishment, he took from the hat a glass of water and a bunch of flowers and three eggs.

"It's speed that does it," he said. "Keep their minds busy. Don't let them think." So he cracked one egg, and out came a cheeping chick; he cracked the second and out came another chick. He cracked the third, and pretended to be bewildered and disappointed by what he found. For it was a tiny turtle.

"How'm I doing?" he asked Scattergood. "I can't watch 'em and perform at once."

"You git," boomed the voice of a leader. "Ve coom git dat boy dat shoot."

"Now's the clutch," whispered Bob.

He dared greatly. He took two paces forward and stood close to the leader, whose pick handle was still half raised. But Bob was grinning. "Hey, John. You boss, eh?" he said gaily. "A boss is pretty rich, boys. Got very much money."

The leader scowled, but Bob's hand flashed out to the leader's ear, and then held high in the air a packet of that spurious currency which magicians use for a property.

"Look! Eh! In his ear. Millions of dollars." He commenced to scatter it right and left. He could feel

Animal Antics



"Look! Susie's engaged!"

indecision. He could feel the childish minds wavering, but that was not enough. It was not enough to halt them, to hold them; he must win them. He must win them before some word, some movement, some action could send them rushing upon him. It was laughter he must have.

"But money isn't all, boys," he said. "Money isn't all you keep in your ear, is it, John? Look, boys. Look! In this right ear—look!" He made passes before the leader's face. The leader, nonplussed, gave back a step. "Look; he's afraid," Bob said laughingly. "Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you, John. Look in his ear—see what he keeps there."

First he seemed to extract a dollar watch, which he tossed into the crowd; then he seemed to find something else. It was a tiny mouse. "You wouldn't believe it, would you?" he demanded, and threw back his head and laughed. "The dull faces moved, lighted. 'One mouse.' Again, and this time he all but doubled up with laughter. He found a second mouse. And then he held out a huge white rat dangling by its tail. And he rocked with laughter and slapped the leader on the back. He laughed until tears came into his eyes, and gradually one man after another laughed, and in the midst of it Bob commenced to pull a ribbon from a man's nose, and as he pulled yard after yard he laughed louder and louder.

Laughter spreads germs of itself; it infects. As yard after yard of ribbon coiled on the ground, first one of the mob, then another, joined in harsh guffaws, and commenced to crowd about Bob and Scattergood.

"Look, boys," Bob called. "You can see better if I stand on something. Don't miss anything. I'm good. I'll show you things you never saw. You want to see, don't you? Look, boys; what if I stand on the stoop of the drugstore there? Come on, where you can see good."

Please turn to page 20

Great work of 2GB Community Chest

Supplying needs of the troops

While commercial radio generally has played a big part in the war effort to-day, 2GB has set itself the special task of supplying the needs of the troops in a hundred different ways.

This it does through the 2GB Community Chest with Mr. Frank Grose (Uncle Frank) as supervising secretary.

IN the army it is recognised that if a thing is wanted all that need be done is to ask Uncle Frank, of 2GB. He is looked upon as the source of an inexhaustible supply of all things weird and wonderful, ranging from pianos to ice-chests.

Here are a few typical examples of the work done by the 2GB Community Chest.

Recently a man at a lonely outpost wrote that they had no means of recreation. They had even been forced to fill in odd hours recalling pieces of poetry they had learned at school.

Immediately Uncle Frank made an appeal for a radio set. The result was that a five-valve, dual wave, portable radio was despatched to the outpost.

From another camp came a request for seven radio sets. This was a new regiment which up to that time had no Comforts Fund of its own, and, being distributed in seven huts, required seven sets.

The appeal went over the air, and already four of those sets are on their way. Uncle Frank hopes that it won't be long before the other three join them.

An American captain flew down to Sydney, in urgent need of recreation facilities for the men of his camp. Two portable gramophones, a generous supply of records, books, magazines and games were immediately despatched.

While most of the appeals are for musical instruments, radios, and gramophones, many unusual articles are requested. A unit asked for a dentist's chair. The chair is ready for despatch. Another needed a

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 1.30 TO 3 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, May 20.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Review—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, May 21.—Mrs. Olivea Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, May 22.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, May 23.—Goodie Baines presents "Musical Memories."

SUNDAY, May 24.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, May 25.—"Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, May 26.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Baines in Gems of Melody and Thought.

horse, and a horse was donated by a listener.

To-day our men are spread out all over Australia in country that ranges from the tropics to the cold districts. One request will be for an ice-chest to keep the food cool in some lonely spot north of the equator; another comes for a bath and bath-heater.

Already the value of the items that have been distributed through the 2GB Community Chest is conservatively estimated at over £3000. This, however, does not by any means cover the work of the organisation. Over £6000 has been distributed in cash to the Red Cross Society, the Far East Welfare Auxiliary, and the British Children's Comforts Fund.

Still another activity of the chest is the distribution of clothes both here and in Britain. Eighty thousand garments valued at something like £8000 have been handed out since the inception of the fund.

As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 21 (from dawn to 9 a.m.) fair; May 22 (fair to 9 p.m., then good to 4 p.m.; cool after midnight. May 19 and 23 poor."

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): Make a final bid (for the present) to win good fortune on May 20 (late evening). May 18 (late) fair; May 19 and 23 poor."

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Good times right ahead, so plan wisely and work hard. May 19, 22, and 25 need caution, but May 21 (from dawn to 9 a.m.) fair; May 22 (especially afternoon, sunset, May 23 (before 9 a.m.), and May 26 (round sunset), good. Try to utilise these times.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): May 19 (at present) indifferent for the moment. May 20 (fair to 10 p.m., then good. May 24 (near midnight) fair.

LEO (July 21 to August 24): Be guarded on May 19 and May 23; but May 26 (to 8 a.m.) very fair. May 21 good to 9.30 a.m., then difficult.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Make good use of May 20 (especially after 8.30), May 21 (before 10 a.m.) fair, also May 19 (morning to 9 a.m.). May 22, 23, 24, and May 25 need caution to avoid upsets and delays.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 23): Things now improve considerably. Plan for advancement, change of home, especially on May 22 (around sunset), May 23 (before 10 a.m., balance adverse), and May 26 (from dawn to 9 a.m.).

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Continue with caution on May 19, 22, and 25. Try to avoid separations, loss, and arguments or upsets. May 24 (late evening) fair. Things now begin to improve slightly.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 21): Get all urgent matters attended to on May 21 (best before 10 a.m.) or let them wait for some weeks. You must now live quietly for a while, especially on May 22 and 23.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 20): Do not let over-confidence rule you now. Take things more quietly. Best to concentrate on finishing matters. May 19, 22, and 25 poor; May 20 and 26 doubtful. May 24 (especially late p.m.) can prove quite satisfactory.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Your affairs can experience a definite change from bad to good this week, so act cautiously and plan ahead. May 19, 21, 22, and 23 (except), and May 26 can prove difficult, but May 24 (late) can be fair and May 28 (especially before 8 a.m.) excellent.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Very fair on May 20 (particularly after 9 a.m.), but be cautious on May 23 and May 19 (morning) very fair, but thereafter poor. May 24 doubtful, but wisdom dictates caution.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MRS. OLWEN FRANCIS

Weekly broadcasts on Home Front Cookery

Olwen Francis, who recently joined the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly as home economist and food and cookery expert, will conduct a Housewife on the Home Front session on 2GB at 4.30 p.m. on Thursdays.

MRS. FRANCIS has had wide experience as a broadcaster both here and abroad, and her intensive study of the subject of household management and her wide experience will enable her to be of immense help to listeners.

In discussing her new series of broadcasts Mrs. Francis pointed out that the individuality of the home exerts the most profound influence on the family morale, and the quality of this morale is one of our most important weapons of national defence. This individual power of the home is not only a product of the heart and the mind and the will, but of the two capable, practical hands of the housewife.

The housewife must be aware that to provide for her family cheerfully and capably, good food, wisely chosen and correctly cooked, is part of her national duty.

To cover in the home every possible contingency that the

This week's broadcast

NEXT Thursday afternoon at 4.30 Mrs. Francis will outline the special problems of the homemaker in wartime.

The emergency food cupboard will be the first section of the kitchen to be discussed in detail.

days may bring is her important part in the scheme of things.

Questions of routine food management and cookery; emergency stoves and emergency menus; how to dry herbs and fruit and vegetables; how to bottle garden produce; the rearrangement of rooms and comfort in the air-raid shelter; how to measure and use again clothing and furnishings; how to practise thrift in every department of the home; how to cut and contrive; in fact, how to be a good Housewife on the Home Front—this is the theme of Mrs. Francis' Thursday afternoon sessions.

How to cope with domestic circumstances where the routine timetable is sadly out of gear will be another task for the sessions.

Menus for the odd-time member of the family with a sliding timetable of lectures and A.R.P. duties, menus for the shift-worker, menus for the evacuee schoolchildren groups, menus for special leaves and unexpected leaves will be discussed.

Domestic skill in community service will be another line taken in the Housewife on the Home Front session. Crowd-catering for emergency centres will be included, and special information for workers at community food, rest, and clothing centres.

Questions from individual listeners are invited, and every effort will be made to answer these personally in the shortest possible time.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has escaped from the clutches of THE OCTOPUS: Head of an international spy ring, and with MR. ROARK: Of the Secret Service, is raiding the spies' lair. After LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, has been knocked unconscious the gang is rounded up—except the Octopus.

Eventually the entrance to and exit from the chief spy's private room is located, and Mandrake enters a dark passage. He is shot at by a mysterious figure, but reaches the end of the passage to see a sleek black car race up a steep ramp and smash its way through the door into the street.

NOW READ ON:



THE SLEEK, BLACK CAR RACES THROUGH THE HEAVILY GUARDED STREET--AND CRASHES THE BARRIERS OF THE CLOSED ROAD...



THE NIGHT'S SILENCE IS SUDDENLY BROKEN BY ROARING MOTORS, SHOUTING MEN, SCREAMING SIRENS--AND THE OCTOPUS CHASE BEGINS!



THE SLEEK, BLACK CAR OF THE OCTOPUS RACES ON THE OPEN ROAD...



-- CLOSE BEHIND SPEEDS MANDRAKE AND THE MOTORCYCLE SQUAD--UNABLE TO CLOSE THE GAP BETWEEN THEM AND THE POWERFUL, BLACK RACER!



THEN-- FAR AHEAD--



THAT DRAWBRIDGE IS RISING! HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! WE'VE GOT THE OCTOPUS!

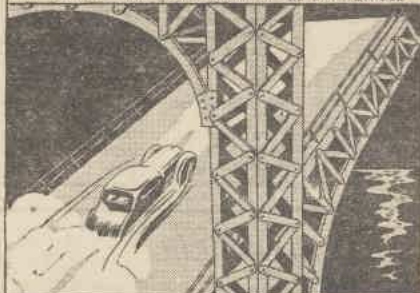


TOO LATE FOR HIM TO BEAT THAT DRAWBRIDGE, HE'LL HAVE TO STOP!



HAVE GUNS READY. HE'S ARMED--AND HE'S A KILLER!

THE OCTOPUS DOES NOT STOP OR EVEN SLOW HIS PACE-- BUT RACES UP THE RISING SLOPE OF THE DRAWBRIDGE--



THE CAR HURDLES OVER THE END OF THE DRAWBRIDGE, AND PLUNGES INTO THE GAP, DIVING INTO SPACE!



POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHTS PLAY ON THE RIVER--BELOW THE SURFACE THE CAR CAN BE SEEN, STUCK IN THE MUDDY RIVER BOTTOM...



WE'LL GO DOWN AND BRING UP HIS BODY FROM THE CAR. WE STILL WANT TO KNOW WHO THE OCTOPUS WAS.



MANDRAKE GOES INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS. SAVE FOR A CURIOUS BROAD-BRIMMED HAT, NO TRACE OF THE OCTOPUS REMAINS. THE CAR IS EMPTY!



TO BE CONTINUED

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ THE LITTLE FOXES

(Week's Best Release)
Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall,
(EKO.)

A WOMAN'S unscrupulous greed and ruthlessness form the unusual theme of Samuel Goldwyn's "The Little Foxes." Bette Davis brings to the screen the power-mad Regina Giddens, of Lillian Hellman's famous play, and makes of her a frighteningly realistic character.

This is a gripping drama of a woman who sacrifices her charming daughter, defrauds her brothers, and virtually murders her disillusioned husband in an effort to further her own avaricious ambitions.

The role of Regina demands unusual dramatic ability, and once again the sheer artistry of Bette Davis is compelling.

The supporting cast has been selected with minute care, and Herbert Marshall gives one of his best performances as the long-suffering husband. Newcomer Teresa Wright, as Regina's daughter, is appealing and sincere in a role that provides a striking foil to the Bette Davis characterisation.

Patricia Collings repeats her famous Broadway performance as the neurotic sister-in-law. Also from the Broadway cast are Charles Dingle, as the unscrupulous Uncle Ben Hubbard, Carl Benton Reid, playing Ben's conniving brother, and Dan Duryea as a sneaky Cousin Leo. —Century; showing.

★ ROAD AGENT

Dick Foran, Anne Gwynne. (Universal.)

HERE is a typical Western with Dick Foran, Leo Carrillo, and Andy Devine combining their heros in cleaning up a frontier town overrun with an outlaw gang. In spite of the familiar story the film has plenty of action, and the tempo is fast enough to satisfy the average Western fan.

Dick Foran handles the leading role capably, and sings a couple of tuneful songs.

Anne Gwynne is the daughter of the town banker who helps Foran elude a trap set by the bandits. —Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ I KILLED THAT MAN

Ricardo Cortez, Joan Woodbury. (B.E.F.)

ONCE again here is the well-worn story of the daring investigator and a girl reporter following a trail

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

of homicide and corruption to trap a clever killer.

"I Killed That Man" provides plenty of action and suspense, but there are plenty of slow spots which could have been cut with advantage.

Ricardo Cortez does a capable job as the assistant district attorney who solves the ingenious crime, and he gets good support from Joan Woodbury playing the pretty newspaper reporter. —Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Blossoms in the Dust. Greer Garson in heart-warming drama. —Liberty; 22nd week.

★★★ Pimpinel Smith. Leslie Howard in enthralling adventure. —Lyceum; 11th week.

★★★ 49th Parallel. Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier in grand British anti-Nazi adventure drama. —Mayfair; 9th week.

★★★ How Green Was My Valley. Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall in superb dramatisation of book. —Embassy; 7th week.

★★★ Sergeant York. Gary Cooper in superb true story of World War I hero. —Regent; 4th week.

★★★ Dumbo. Enchanting feature cartoon from Disney, starring baby elephant in circus tale. —Pleasant; 2nd week.

★★★ Turned Out Nice Again. George Formby in broad farce. —Victory; 7th week.

★★★ Babes on Broadway. Exuberant musical for Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. —St. James; 4th week.

★★★ Bahama Passage. West Indian romance in glorious technicolor, starring Madeline Carroll. Stirling Hayden. —Prince Edward; 2nd week.

Cable news from studios!

By VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

NORMA SHEARER, who left Metro recently, has told her close friends that she wishes to retire from films. Hollywood is speculating as to whether Norma plans marriage with a handsome French ski-instructor whom she met when on holiday at Sun Valley. He is 28 years old. Norma is nearly 40.

ERROL FLYNN has gone to Washington seeking a war job, so it is reported, as his "athlete's heart" is keeping him out of the army.

GARBO surprised her friend, writer Salka Viertel, by dropping in at the Viertel home to help her entertain 20 soldiers at a leave party.

CLARK GABLE is going into Metro's "Shadow of the Wing," and upon completion of this war story will join Major Frank Capra's unit in Washington.

NEIL HAMILTON has renounced his acting career after all these years. He will earn his living henceforth as an actors' agent.

EDDIE CANTOR is recuperating from an eye operation at his Beverly Hills home. Comedian decided to have it done before making "Banjo Eyes" at Warner Bros.

SYDNEY actor Edward Ashley (you saw him in "Pride and Prejudice") has signed a Fox contract and is appearing in Tyrone Power's pirate adventure, "The Black Swan."

HEDY LAMARR's entire wardrobe for her new MGM film, "White Cargo," consists of three sarongs.

Rita Hayworth, on the other hand, will have 41 costumes in "Carnival in Rio." These are largely made of spun glass and glazed paper—queer materials, but they are non-rationalised by war demands. Gold and silver laces, on which Hollywood doted, are unavailable now at any price. Criticism of hoarding is being levelled at producer C. B. De Mille, who bought up four dozen bolts of laces for forthcoming films.

ANN SOUTHERN told the divorce court judge that husband Roger Pryor perished in flying, which made her nervous. "He was also rude to my friends!" Annie exclaimed.

Annie got her divorce. Another pair ending their marriage are Frances Farmer and Left Erickson, who have been separated for over a year. But this time it is the man who is getting the divorce. Left has gone to Reno.

ANN SHERIDAN will hold a grand family reunion of her Texas relatives here, in order to celebrate her mother's birthday. At least 14 kin will come from her home district.

MARTHA RAYE, who numbers one of the Westmores and hotel-man Neal Lang among her past husbands, is contemplating matrimony again, this time with Nick Condos.

METRO'S "Mrs. Miniver," which stars Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, has been awarded the Parents' Magazine Medal as the outstanding family-audience production of the month.

THIS is a nice story—but I do not vouch for its validity. It seems the location unit making background scenes for "The Black Swan" sailed into an idyllic harbor in order to shoot a scene of pirate sloops.

The sudden appearance of modern warships ruined the shot, so a technical man rowed towards them, asked a commander to kindly remove the cruisers as they were spoiling his picture. So . . . the commander ordered his modern craft to occupy the farther corner of the harbor, and an important film remained unspoiled!

MAKE-UP expert Buddy Westmore, husband of Rosemary Lane, has joined the U.S. Coast-guard Service.

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JOAN FONTAINE goes to a concert at the Shrine Auditorium, in Hollywood, with husband Brian Aherne, who is still beaming over his wife's winning that Academy Award for "Suspicion."

COMEDIAN Charlie Ruggles has married Marion La Barba, ex-wife of boxer Fidel La Barba. The first Mrs. Ruggles, who was an invalid for many years, died last December in New York.

DOROTHY Lamour narrowly escaped injury at a war benefit when a berserk woman in the audience attacked her. A woman friend of Dorothy's rushed between the pair, and had her leg broken by a furious blow. The woman has proved to be unbalanced.

RONALD COLMAN has begun his role of a shell-shocked soldier in James Hilton's "Random Harvest" at Metro, with Greer Garson.

Colman himself is a real life veteran of Kitchener's Old Comptables in World War I. He was disabled at Messines, and took up a theatre career after 1918.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is waiting the permission of U.S. naval authorities to do a propaganda film for the British War Ministry in London.

The Magical Touch

Continued from page 18

HE did not walk around them, he walked through them, and Scattergood kept at his side. Bob pushed roughly but good-naturedly. "Look out, John; I step on you. Get that moustache out of the way before I get lost in it." He shouldered his way through them, and miraculously they turned to follow. He leaped up on the porch, talking constantly, laughing always in motion, and they crowded around him.

"Hey, Mr. Baines, tell your drug-friend to break out the ice-cream," he said softly. "We'll call from labor to refreshment."

And then he stood upon that stoop and worked as he never had worked before, and sweat stood upon his forehead and his arms were weary, and his jaws ached with talking and with laughing.

"Now we have recess," he said, as Scattergood appeared with a tray loaded with dishes of ice-cream. "Help yourselves, boys. Eat hearty."

The mob snatched dishes and spoons. Scattergood, wise in the ways of mobs, motioned the sheriff, motioned the deputised citizens to come unarmed and mingle with the laborers from the dam, so that they were no longer a compact mob, but were part of a crowd, a good-natured crowd. Where there had been thirty determined, violent, dangerous men there were now a hundred men. A mob had disappeared, and a crowd bent on being amused had taken its place. The laborers had lost cohesion, they were no longer a unit, they were a part of something different from themselves. And every time a laborer dropped a pick handle or axe there was a citizen of Coldriver to lift it quietly and carry it away.

"Who likes candy?" Bob shouted, still snatching coins out of the air and turning jack-knives into watches. "Scattergood, there's pick candy in there. Gumdrops. Anything. Boys, we've sure been glad to have you in town. Look, Mr. Baines; load a big pail of candy into every car, so the boys can take it home to the wives and the kids—if any."

Half a dozen pails and cartons of deep candy were looted from the store, and once more Bob stepped into the mob. "Come along, boys," he shouted; "see that you get your share."

He had a pail in each hand, and they followed him like sheep. Across

the bridge and to their waiting cars. Into each one he lifted pounds of the candy, and then somehow, before they realised it, the mob were no longer in the road, but in the cars, and Bob was waving to them, and they were turning and heading back for the dam. "Come again, boys. Any time. Any time you want a good show just come to Coldriver."

Then, like naughty children who, freakishly, had decided to be amiable, the laborers rode away, singing and waving their hands in farewell. They did not stop. They sped on. They disappeared around the bend and were gone.

"I think," said Bob, "I would like to sit down."

The young man sagged, his eyes were sunken and weary as he made his way slowly to Pat's chair at the gaol door and sank into it, exhausted. Lanny Worth and her father forced their way to his side, but his eyes were closed, and he did not see them. It was Lanny who aroused him.

"Bob," she said, and he opened his eyes and looked up at her. "Bob," she said, "you knocked the ball over the fence—in the pinch."

"Just silly tricks," said Bob. "You may keep on doing all my tricks for me all the rest of our lives," she said.

Bob shook his head. "It was as if he did not understand. 'Your father doesn't like me,' he said. 'Young man,' said Mr. Worth, 'I like you good.'"

"For good?" asked Bob.

"For good," said Mr. Worth. Bob forced himself to his feet. He grinned. He took a pack of cards from his pocket and spread them into a fan. "Take a card," he said. "Take my card."

"Why, Bob!" protested Lanny. "It's my last trick," he said. "My last. After this there aren't any more. Never again. One more trick would be anticlimax."

He tore the deck of cards across and threw them high into the air. "So long, legerdemain," he said.

Scattergood puffed out his fat cheeks and glanced sideways at Lanny's father. "Ye never," he said, "kin tell how good a suit of clothes is—no till ye wear it out in the rain to see if it shrinks. Yeah. But it has to rain before ye kin be certain."

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GIRL of the YEAR

■ A provocative phrase, "girl of the year," was lovingly coined by Columbia for its favorite actress, Rita Hayworth. This year Rita is due to make a second musical, "Pal Joey," with Fred Astaire, and co-star with Rosalind

Russell in Columbia's "My Sister Eileen." At present she is out on loan to Fox for a film—but is practising dance numbers for "Pal Joey" on the side. Astaire claims Rita is so skilled a stepper that he has cut his rehearsal time by half.

By its comfort you'll know it's a Nielsen. By the touch you'll know it's a Nielsen. By its graceful lines you'll know it's a Nielsen. By its graceful lines you'll know it's a Nielsen. By its comfort you'll know it's a Nielsen.



By its graceful lines

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waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl. Not a soap, not an oil, this amazing shampoo changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff completely.

No special rinses needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Collimated foam Shampoo.

(Costs less than 4d. a shampoo!)

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From all chemists, or write to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155X, G.P.O., Sydney. Small carton, 5/6, six weeks' treatment, 20/-. Refuse substitutes.

Garbo as two-faced woman



1 **PUBLISHER BLAKE** (Melvyn Douglas) tells sceptical business partner (Roland Young) that he has married Idealistic Karin (Garbo), his ski instructor.



2 **HONEYMOON** is interrupted when Blake is recalled to New York on business, and here succumbs to charms of old flame Griselda (Constance Bennett).



4 **DETERMINED** to lead errant husband a merry chase, Karin flirts with other men and startles guests with a rumba.



5 **BLAKE'S SECRETARY** (Ruth Gordon), who knows Karin's real identity and has assisted with the scheme, offers consolation the next morning.



6 **COMPLETELY** infatuated with the "twin" who has led him such a tireless, romantic chase, Blake resolves to return to winter resort and divorce Karin.

THE GARBO COMEDY THAT SHOCKED U.S.A.

THE scenes on this page are from the revised version of Garbo's MGM comedy, "Two-Faced Woman." When the film was released in the United States in its original form six months ago, a storm of protest was aroused. Church, Press and city censorship boards condemned the picture for its immoral attitude towards marriage, for its flouting of good taste and decency. So "Two-Faced Woman" was withdrawn from all theatres where it was showing and altered by the studio to satisfy public demand. Australia banned the original film and later accepted this new edition—which presents Garbo in a dual role. The supporting cast of the comedy includes Constance Bennett, Melvyn Douglas, and Roland Young.

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BROWN	BLACK	BLACK	BROWN
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Fred MacMurray...



On the Paramount set of "Forest Ranger," Fred takes time off for a cigarette.

WE CHAT ABOUT BABY SUSAN CAROL AND FRED'S NEW RANCH

From Viola MacDonald in Hollywood

YESTERDAY Fred MacMurray and I had a long talk on the Paramount set. Fred, a towering figure in his ranger's uniform, wrung my hand, grinned till his hazel eyes were slits, and said: "I haven't met you since you sold me that lemonade at the British Benefit Bazaar. How're things?"

Things were fine, I assured him. And how was Mrs. MacMurray? "Swell!"

Fred's face lit up—and so it should. For the beautiful brunette Lillian is one of Hollywood's real wives.

"She's on top of the world at the moment," said Fred. "We have adopted Susan Carol, the whole formal works, papers and all, at last."

Susan Carol, who is two years old, has been a house-guest of the MacMurrays for over a year. Childless themselves, Fred and Lillian regard Susan entirely as their own.

"Another thing..." Fred leant against the nearest tree for comfort and prepared to gossip.

"We've got the very ranch we had our eyes on. It's near the McCrea's up in Santa Rosa country. There are 800 acres, and I hope to make the entire place self-supporting some day."

He is a country boy himself, from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. Last year Beaver Dam celebrated the 100th anniversary of its civic founding, with Fred as the guest of honor; but that's one item he left out of the conversation.

The MacMurray shyness doesn't take the form of bashful silence—

except when Fred is asked his opinion of his own work, his views on acting, and his attitude towards his own popularity.

Here is one example from yesterday.

I asked, "How do you feel about being back in an action role? Think it suits you better than comedy?"

Mr. MacMurray answered, "Have you had a good look at this set? We did the location stuff up in Northern California. It was real 'Forest Ranger' country. Now we are finishing off with this matching indoor stuff."

He pointed so firmly to our surroundings that I had to admire Paramount and its fine job.

"Tell me," I repeated, "how do you feel about dramas and comedies, as regards your own work?"

"You know," mused Fred, "I have a hankering to sing in films. Make a musical, maybe."

I believe him at that, since music was his first love. But he still hadn't opened out on Fred MacMurray the star. Other people are not so shy.

Here is Mary Martin on Fred, after they had worked together in "New York Town."

"Fred," says Mary, "has something I can't describe exactly, but there it is. He's sort of big and awkward and cheerful and happy-looking—off the screen as well as on. You can't help liking him."

How right Mary was, thought I. Then suddenly the tree on which Fred was leaning began to move.

"Sorry, we gotta move this for the next shot," said a voice behind it.

"Sorry, very sorry," said Fred, wringing me by the hand again. "But I've gotta go, too. See you some more?"

So we finished the interview without Mr. MacMurray saying one word about himself.



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Then went shopping in town and stayed for tea,
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F3332

NOVEL TEA-COSY To KNIT

● Carrying the picturesque name of "Tea-pot Inn," this cosy is so quaint and gay—as well as useful. Make it now!

OUR knitting expert has received many requests for a knitted tea-cosy.

In a whimsical mood she created this picturesque affair, which should amuse and interest all those who like to make novel and pretty as well as useful items for home use and decoration.

You will note that an embroidery chart is given along with directions and color schemes for the embroidery.

Materials: 3ozs. 3-ply yarn in white, 2ozs. of the same yarn in red, and 1oz. in black; a pair of No. 7 knitting needles; a No. 2 steel crochet hook; 1 skein each of fine embroidery wool in the following shades: light pink, dark pink, light green, dark green, dark brown, light brown, blue, yellow, mauve, black, fawn, grey, and red; silk and padding for lining.

Tension: 5 sts. to lin. in width and 7 rows to lin. in depth, measured over the st-st. section. Be careful to get your tension accurate as yarns are so variable.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); in(s), inch(es); st-st., stocking-stitch (1 row k, 1 row p alternately, the k rows being right side of work); gr-st., garter-stitch (every row k); b, black; w, white; rep., repeat.

Note: Use wool double for all knitted sections.

THE FRONT AND BACK (Two sections alike)

Using w yarn, cast on 53 sts. and work in st-st. for 32 rows. Join on b yarn and work 2 rows in gr-st. with the black yarn only.

Now knit in the "beams" thus:

Next Row: St-st. 4 w, 2 b, 3 w, 2 b, 3 w, 2 b, 9 w, 3 b, 9 w, 2 b, 3 w, 2 b, 3 w, 2 b, 4 w.

Rep. this row 8 times taking care not to pull the yarn across the back of work. Cast off.

Unsuspected MALNUTRITION

There was laughter at a public dinner last night when a politician, speaking on the Dangers of Malnutrition, was told by a dietitian that he showed signs of Malnutrition himself.

But the laughter became a trifle nervous when the dietitian added that the rest of us were probably in the same condition! "Malnutrition," he declared, "is increasing. Few of us are totally free from 'nerves,' digestive troubles, constipation, debility and other 'ills of civilisation.' Yet in most cases these ills are symptoms of Vitamin B deficiency."

"It isn't that we eat too little. It's because the Vitamin B is removed from our food by modern methods of 'refining.' And yet on Vitamin B the health of our nervous and digestive systems depends."

"But how," somebody asked, "can the ordinary person make good this alarming shortage of Vitamin B?" "Well," he replied, "simply add a tablespoonful of Bemax to your porridge or breakfast cereal. Bemax is a Vitamin tonic food so rich in Vitamin B1 (400 units per oz.) that a daily tablespoonful makes up the regular quota one needs."

Bemax is obtainable from Chemists and Stores. The 3/6 tin lasts a month. Send a card for free booklet "Vitamins and Health," to B. Max (Dept. P. 23) P.O. Box 3678SS, Sydney.

THE SIDE GUSSETS (Two alike)

Using w yarn, cast on 16 sts. and work in st-st. for 42 rows, then take 2 tog. at both ends of needle on the next row and every following 4th row until sts. are reduced to 4. Cast off.

THE ROOF

Using red yarn, cast on 53 sts. and work in basket-st. thus:

1st Row: * K 3, p 7; rep. from * to 3 sts. of end, k 3.

2nd Row: * P 3, k 7; rep. from * to 3 sts. of end, p 3.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: P.

5th Row: P 5, * k 3, p 7; rep. from * to end, but finish last rep. with p 5 instead of p 7.

6th Row: K 5, * p 3, k 7; rep. from * to end, but finish last rep. with k 5 instead of k 7.

7th Row: As 5th row.

8th Row: P.

These 8 rows form the pattern for roof. Rep. them 4 times, then divide sts. for "gable" section.

Next Row: Pattern 27, turn, leaving the remaining 26 sts. on st-holder for time being.

Now, working only over the set of 27 sts., take 2 tog. at start of every row that begins at inner end until sts. are reduced to 18. Proceed until the 4th row of 8th pattern has been completed. Cast off.

Join yarn to inner end of remaining 26 sts. and work this side to match first side.

THE GABLE

Using b yarn, cast on 21 sts. and work 2 rows in gr-st. Break off b yarn, join on w, and proceed in st-st., taking 2 tog. at start of following 3rd row and every row after until sts. are reduced to 5. Cast off.

THE CHIMNEY POTS

Using red yarn, cast on 11 sts.

1st Row: K 3, p 5, k 3.

2nd Row: P 3, k 5, p 3.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: P.

5th Row: Cast off 3, p 1, k 3, p 4.

6th Row: Cast off 3, k 1, p 3, k 1.

7th Row: P 1, k 3, p 1.

8th Row: K 1, p 3, k 1.

9th Row: As 7th row.

10th Row: K 1, p 3, k 1, cast on 3.

11th Row: P 4, k 3, p 1, cast on 3.

12th Row: P.

13th Row: As 1st row.

14th Row: As 2nd row.

15th Row: As 1st row.

Cast off.

THE BEAMS

Using b yarn cast on 2 sts. and work in gr-st. Make two strips 4ins. long, and four other strips 14ins. long.

TO MAKE UP

First attach a 4in. "beam" to the centre of upper part of the front and back sections, then add a short one to each side edge. Now sew the "gable" to the centre of the upper front edge, attaching it so that the first 2 rows of "gable" overlap the main section of work. Sew the gussets to the side edges of the front and back sections, then attach the "roof" sewing it on about 1in. within the edge of roof to gain an overlapped edge. Now, using the crochet hook and red yarn, work a row of double crochet all round edges of roof. Attach the chimneys. Embroider the cosy as shown in the photograph, then press work on the wrong side. Make up a padded foundation and sew cosy over it.

EMBROIDERY GUIDE

Windows, Frames: Black chain-st. **Lattice:** Grey cross-stitch couched down.

Inside Open Window: Yellow satin-st.

Door, Frame: Fawn chain-st., edged on outside with black stem-st. **Door:** Dark brown satin-st., with vertical lines of back-st. in light brown, black french knots and black chain-st. for horseshoe.

Sign Over Door: Outline in dark blue stem-st. **Wording:** in black straight-st.

Benches: Dark brown satin-st.

Barrel: Dark brown satin-st. with bands of light brown chain-st.

Tankard: Grey satin-st. with white "froth" in satin-st.

Sign Holder: Black chain-st.

Sign: Dark blue chain-st. with red chain-st. teapot.

Flowers and Bushes: Use all shades of green in stem-st. and lazy-daisy-st., also use gay colors for the various flowers in lazy-daisy-st. and french knots.

Note: Each square of the chart represents one stitch and one row of the knitting.



THE WALLS of "Tea-pot Inn" are white, the roof red, beams brown. Flowers trail around the windows. Note the bench and tankard! It will be such fun to make and embroider.

DOWN ON THE FARM



THOSE BIG KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES TASTE BONZER! THEY'RE TWICE AS DELICIOUS AND TWICE AS NOURISHING AS ALL THE OTHERS!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes give you back the full value for your money in quality. Yes! Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only more delicious than anything else, but they are also richest in energy value. They are made from the highest quality white Australian corn, and no other grain can touch the energy value provided by corn. Give your whole family crisp, crunchy, delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning.

Listen to "Martin's Corner"
N.S.W. 2UW, 2WL, 2GZ,
2KA, 2KO, 2LM, 2TH, 2WG,
VIC. 3DB, 3LK, 3RO, 3HA, 3SR,
3TR, 3OL, 4BK, 4K, 4P, 4TO,
4CA, 4RO, W.A. 6IX, 6B,
S.A. 5AD, 5U, 5P, 5SE. Tas.
7BU, 7HT, 7LA.

RED CROSS DREAM HOME:

● On May 26 the glorious £5000 Dream Home, presented to the Red Cross by The Australian Women's Weekly, will become the home of some fortunate Australian family.

NOW finished and furnished, replete with every labor-saving device for the convenience of the housewife, this hilltop haven awaits the lucky owners-to-be.

Our cover picture, showing a section of the exterior, the beautiful color reproduction of the terrace, opposite, and the views of master bedroom, living-room, dining-room, and patio illustrated on this page will, in some measure, convey to you the charm and liveability of this glorious hilltop home.

The Red Cross Dream Home also contains a spacious kitchen (replete with every labor-saving device), breakfast or sun room, laundry, entrance hall, girl's room or nursery, boy's room, sleepout, and bathroom—all completely furnished and equipped to the smallest detail.

There is also a garage, as well as lawns and gardens planted with trees and flowering shrubs and beds of spring-blooming plants.

Few homes have been planned so carefully, fewer still been so faithfully built.

The honorary architects, Messrs. Scott, Green, and Scott, and the honorary builders, Messrs. Kell and Rigby, are proud of their handiwork. So is Mrs. Keith Martin, who supervised the furnishing and equipment of this beautiful home.

ABOVE is shown a section of the main bedroom—an enchantingly lovely room. Color scheme is exquisite. Built-in cupboards and wardrobe occupy one whole wall.



TOP: The charming living-room. Two long windows and a french door lead onto the terrace. The linen-covered easy chairs and settees are deeply sprung, luxuriously comfortable. View of the patio at the rear of the Dream Home is shown immediately above.



THE DINING-ROOM, taken from the living-room. The furniture is Sheraton period with comfy, high-backed chairs upholstered in heavy linen. Two long windows lead onto the terrace and frame glorious views. Double french doors open onto patio.

"GENERAL" FAVOURITE ... BY GEORGE



AT COOKING, CLEANING—WAS WORKING A CHAMPION IS JEAN!



SHE MAKES THOSE CAMOUFLAGING NETS SO WELL THEY CAN'T BE SEEN!



BUT ALL CAN SEE HER HOUSEWORK HANDS! THEY CAUSE HER ENDLESS WORRY!



TILL SOMEONE SAID "USE SOLVOL" JEAN IT CLEANS HANDS IN A HURRY!

AFTER EVERY DIRTY JOB—SOLVOL!
ITS RICH, SILKY LATHER COAXES
OUT GREASE AND WORKED-IN
DIRT IN TWO TICKS. AS EASY ON
THE SKIN AS FINE TOILET SOAP.

SOLVOL

Finished, furnished, and waiting FOR YOU!



● Here you glimpse a section of the sunshine-dappled terrace of the Dream Home, which overlooks a view of breath-taking loveliness . . . The rhynchospermum jasminoides which you see climbing the regal columns will soon reach the pergola-

★ top and by next summer masses of starry-white and fragrant flowers will intermingle with the greenery . . . It is, as you will readily agree, a haven of beauty spelling contentment and rest for the owners-to-be of the Red Cross Dream Home.

"Damp-set" YOUR HAIR



"Corinthian"

Style by

Max Sowerman, Sydney



HOLLYWOOD'S WAY TO THRILLING WAVES AND CURLS!

Hollywood stars were quick to seize on the amazing damp-setting technique. Now, with VELMOL, you can damp-set your hair in thrilling waves and curls—whenever you like!

Takes but four minutes to do... in these THREE EASY STEPS: 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair. 3. Then arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you wish.

"Damp-set" your hair regularly, and you'll always have deep, firm waves, lustrous, natural-looking, silky-soft, never "stiff" or oily.

VELMOL works on any hair—holds a finger-wave for days; keeps any style "salon-fresh" between visits. Ask for VELMOL—at chemist, store or hair-dresser. A bottle lasts months.

DON'T GO ON SUFFERING...

...with a
STUFFED-UP
NOSE

due to a
nose-cold,
catarrh, sinus
trouble, etc.

TRY THE NEW WAY TO QUICK NOSE COMFORT

Tilt back your head. Up each nostril put a few drops of Vicks Vapo-nol. No fuss. No bother. Takes only 10 seconds. But, oh, what relief it brings!

YOU B-R-E-A-T-H-E

AGAIN! You feel that tingling medication cool away hot, dry irritation... shrink the swelling inside your nose... clear away mucus. You breathe... long, cool, delightful breaths!

Keep Va-tro-nol handy. AT NIGHT, a few drops keep breathing clear, so you can sleep. SINUS PAIN is eased by Va-tro-nol, which helps to keep sinuses drained. PREVENT COLDS by using a few drops of Va-tro-nol at the first sneeze. More people use Va-tro-nol than any other preparation of its kind.

Prepared and
guaranteed by
the makers of
Vicks VapoRub



CLIMBERS and TRAILERS



RHYNCOSPERMUM JASMINOIDES, or jasmine, one of our sweetest-scented climbers.

● Even at the cost of being considered old-fashioned I think that bare stone, brick walls, and fences look better when covered.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

PRACTICALLY every home has some eyesore, ranging from a bare paling fence, rusty-roofed shed, old tree stump, rocky outcrop, wall or outhouse, which would be all the better if screened.

Visiting a famous "show place" recently I saw a series of well-built, well-painted arches and pergolas, each one of which had been given a different variety of bignonia, climbing rose or exotic twiner.

Some of the colors would have clashed woefully but for the thoughtfulness of the gardener, who knew his plants and his colors, and separated reds and oranges with white rhyncospermum jasminoides, and put yellows between blues and purples.

The effect of that more or less rainbow shading or color grading was a perfect blending of them all, although only few ever flowered at the same time.

The garden I have in mind is in a rather well-protected spot, with a tall windbreak of pines, but the more open portion is subject to frosts.

As a result he had a wonderful amount of success with climbers such as the bignonias mentioned, particularly the winter-flowering variety, venusta, which he said produced trailing masses of bloom.

A brick wall on the west-north-west side was covered with solandra nitida, or chalice vine, and when I saw it the huge, eight-inch yellow blooms and the thick, leathery foliage hid every brick.

A dividing fence was covered with tecoma capensis, and at the time of my visit was just a mass of orange-red bloom and dark green foliage. This semi-climbing shrub has one weakness—it suckers badly and needs close watching.

Another hot spot, in a corner nearest the garage, which caught and held the heat all the afternoon, held a lovely hoyo carnosa or wax flower. The branches and laterals were held to the wall with leather straps nailed securely.

Hoya is a real salamander among plants, and revels in the heat, but must have plenty of water.

In another hot spot this gardener had also planted out a stephanotis floribunda. He had been told that this climber would not flower, but by filling an oldrump with three-parts of peat, two leaf-mould, and one sandy loam he got results.

For winter flowers this gardener has also planted gelsemium, or yellow jasmine.

Being an admirer of Australian native climbers he had given plenty of space to that lovely West Australian twining or semi-climbing shrub, soilya. This grew on a fence.

That purple-flowering climber, seen over such a wide area of our coastal country in practically all States, the hardenbergia, ran un-



PLAIN WINDOWS are framed by climbers such as virginia creeper, which is also an ideal self-clinging type for bare wall covering.

Measles...

Complete recovery
depends upon care
during convalescence.

—Says MEDICO.

THE first signs of measles are sneezing, running at the nose, and a slight cough. The eyes look red and watery and light hurts them. In a day or two the skin becomes hot, the tongue is furred, and the throat grows very red.

About the fourth day, red spots appear on the forehead and face and spread over the entire body. The spots usually itch.

At the first signs of measles keep the child in bed. Send for the doctor. Discharge from nose, throat, and ears should be gathered in clean rags and burned.

Complete recovery depends largely upon the care given during convalescence. Unless he receives proper care the child may develop pneumonia. Or the kidneys may be harmed and develop chronic disease in later life. Eyes and ears may become inflamed.

Children below school age should be especially protected against measles. This disease is more serious at younger ages.

One way to lessen the severity of measles is by injections. Ask your doctor about it.

But if your child shows the first signs of measles keep him away from other children and send at once for your doctor. Measles and other infections are spread by the "sniffly" child. If your child has the sniffles keep him away from school. All the respiratory diseases are most infectious in the early stages.

checked over some strands of barbed wire, and seemed to take the sting out of that awful invention of the devil.

Cobaea scandens, or cup-and-saucer plant, rambed everywhere over the fence dividing his vegetable garden from the rest. A gum, long dead, was covered with bougainvillea.

And I went into the matter closely with my gardening friend, who agreed that autumn, and preferably mid-autumn (after rain), was the best time for planting climbers; as it gave them a chance to become established before the cold weather stopped growth.



Did you MACLEAN
your teeth to-day?



Ah! I see you did

MACLEANS makes yellow teeth white.

MACLEANS tones up the gums... makes them firm, hard and healthy.

MACLEANS leaves the mouth clean, refreshed, aniseptic.

1/1 and 1/7
PER TUBE



BRITISH
TO THE TEETH

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Pains in Back, Nervousness, Distress, Cries, under Eyes, Leg Pains, Poor Appetite and Energy, Pulling Ankles, etc., you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs, acids and wastes are impairing the vital functioning process of your kidneys. Take care! Ordinary medicines can't help much, and you must stop these troubles by removing the cause with Cystex which starts benefit in 2 hours and is offered on generous terms—No Benefit—No Pay. Cystex—the doctor's prescription—is approved by doctors and chemists in 75 countries, and over 80,000 people have written to say how pleased they are to have found the right medicine for their troubles.

ONE-TIME SUFFERERS PRAISE THIS MEDICINE

Mr. R.T. Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back ached to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headache and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back." Mrs. M.L.Z. Thompson, Melb., Brisbane, writes: "I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble, and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles, although I am 42 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids. Kills the germs which are poisoning kidneys, bladder and urinary system. Helps nature to strengthen and reinvigorate kidneys and protects against further attack.

Guaranteed To Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours, and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! New in a size—1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

This is a GUARANTEED Cystex Remedy

for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Pimples Go Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples like magic. Use Nixoderm tonight and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store today under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm now 2/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.



"DANNY DANDRUFF"

The bad boy of the scalp

Looks queer, but he's dangerous and if this dandruff germ has you in its grip, don't experiment, strike at the cause and kill the germ with the proven treatment

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

the same antiseptic you've always used for oral hygiene and general home use. Instantly the burning, gnawing dandruff itch stops; ugly scales go; and the natural healthy vigour of the hair returns. Add a little olive oil if the scalp is excessively dry, but massage vigorously daily until every hair is bathed in soothing, health promoting antiseptic.

In 3 sizes: 1/7, 3/2, 6/-

★ ★ ★ ★

Listerine tooth paste lasts longer, saves money and is the only dentifrice that contains the Antiseptic oils of Listerine itself.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Just a Few Sips and—
Like a Flash—Relief!

Sleep Sound All Night.

To-day at any chemist or store get a bottle of **BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL** (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardy cold Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

YOU CAN STOP THAT BACKACHE

But You Must First HELP YOUR KIDNEYS
to Flush Out Acid Poisons.

Recognize backache as a signal that there is something wrong with your kidneys. Your kidneys contain 15 miles of fine tubes and filters. Every three minutes all the blood in your body passes through these tubes to be filtered of waste matter and acid poisons. Unless your kidneys remove about 500 grains of dangerous impurities, these tubes become clogged, causing backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, humming, swelling, feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Frequent uric acid passages also show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist or store for **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS**. Use them faithfully and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. Millions of men the world over have had quick, satisfying relief. Do as your neighbour does—take **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS** today.

Heals Eczema in 7 Days or Money Back

Here is a scientist's wonderful prescription now dispensed by chemists at small cost, that will do more towards helping you get rid of unsightly spots from skin disease than anything you've ever used.

Not only is this great oil antiseptic but it promotes rapid and healthy healing in eczema spots and sores. The itching of eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of barber's itch, salt rheum, and other irritating and unsightly skin troubles.

You can get **Moore's Emerald Oil** in the original bottle at any chemist's. It is safe to use, and failure in any of the ailments noted above is rare indeed.

Lovely lingerie set . .

Specially
designed
for you!



NEEDLEWORK
NOTIONS

236

WHEN ORDERING the paper patterns for this charming set, please be sure to give correct size and quote No. 236.

ISN'T this charming lingerie set just the thing for the girl who is preparing her trousseau—as well as for all girls and women who like lovely undies and nightwear?

The set consists of three pieces, nightgown, slip, and scanties. The nightgown features a brassiere top, unusual waistline, and gathered skirt. The slip also has the flattering brassiere top and slightly flared

skirt, and the scanties display a shaped waistband and rather flared legs. All show the same lovely "orchid" motif.

Paper patterns are available in four sizes, to fit 32, 34, 36 and 38-inch busts, from our Needlework Department, at the cost of 3/6 for the full set, including the orchid transfer, or 1/1 for each individual pattern, plus 2/- for the transfer. Postage is free.

Look pretty in a pinafore

THIS delightful little pinafore (note sketch at right) is just the thing for little girls. It is ideal to wear over winter woollies and warm blouses. It's so prettily designed. The gaily-embroidered, shaped waistband, large patch-pockets, and wide shoulder-straps will delight the heart of its young wearer.

The ready-to-make pinafore is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on cream, green, sage, brown, and grey Fortuna, which is well known for its laundering qualities, in sizes to fit 6-8 years, price 6/11; 8-10 years, 7/11; and 10-12 years, 8/11; plus 6d. extra for postage.

The garment is also obtainable in grey, brown, almond-green, sage-blue, and cream wool crepe, traced ready for cutting out and making up, in sizes to fit 6-8 years, 8/11; 8-10 years, 10/9; and 10-12 years, 11/9; plus 9d. extra for postage.

Paper pattern only for the pinafore frock is available for 1/4, and the embroidery transfer for 1/6



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SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 3884, G.P.O. Reims:
Box 809, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box
1835, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box
41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 4916, G.P.O.
Sydney: Box 4888, G.P.O. If call-
ing, 130 Castlereagh St. Tasmania:
Write to The Australian Women's
Weekly, Box 1835, G.P.O., Mel-
bourne. New Zealand: Write to
Sydney Office.

THIS gay and useful pinafore has been designed for girls 6 to 12 years of age. Details at left.



His health is in your hands

When you suspect that your child's diet is lacking in essential nutritive elements, put him on to Horlicks straight away. He'll get extra energy . . . plenty of muscle-building protein . . . ample supplies of bone-building calcium . . . from every glass of Horlicks.

Horlicks is a complete food in itself, containing all the elements necessary for sturdy growth and physical development. Horlicks contains up to 15% of first-class protein, largely derived from its full-cream milk content. And milk, remember, is one of Nature's best "protective" foods.

Calcium . . . essential for the formation of sound teeth and strong bones . . . is present in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. In addition, the natural milk sugar and malt sugar in

Horlicks produces extra energy almost at once. These natural sugars pass into the bloodstream very quickly and do not tax your child's digestion. In fact, Horlicks is particularly safe for delicate children . . . it does not cause "upsets". They all love Horlicks. Its malty sweetness satisfies their natural craving for sweet things, without overloading the stomach.

You can buy Horlicks in the 1/6 size, or for extra economy, the big 2/9 size is good buying (Prices slightly higher in the country.)



HORLICKS

For Your Emergency Store

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health or sickness. It avoids mixing with water, only . . . there's full-cream milk already in it. It can be taken cold, and keeps indefinitely so long as the lid is replaced firmly.

RHEUMATISM ENDED

IT'S A PLEASURE
TO BE ALIVE



You may be saying:—"but will my rheumatic pains ever end?" They will, if you give De Witt's Pills a chance to restore weak kidneys to healthy activity. For healthy kidneys will promptly clear out of your system poisons and impurities that cause rheumatic pains.

Take this report, one of many, telling how the first few doses of De Witt's Pills give relief from pain and turn that quick relief into permanent benefit.

Mr. L. H. writes: "For two years I suffered very badly from shoulder pains. I dreaded every change in the weather. Now those pains are gone for good, thanks to De Witt's Pills. The first bottle had a wonderful effect, relief from pain after four doses. I now enjoy splendid health, vigour and strength from taking De Witt's Pills. It is a pleasure to be alive."

Seven Years Later. "I write to tell you of the wonderful health I have enjoyed for the last seven years since taking De Witt's Pills."

WEAK KIDNEYS

lead to
Backache
Cystitis
Lumbago
Joint Pains
Rheumatism
Sciatica Disturbed Nights



There is no long waiting to see results with De Witt's Pills. Within 24 hours you know they are acting directly on your kidneys. Rheumatic pains cease and it's a pleasure to be alive.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, prices 1/10, 3/11 and 6/- (including Sales Tax).

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APPLES . . .

for every meal of the day

● One hundred and fifty years ago Bligh of the Bounty planted apple seeds in Tasmania. To-day the apple is our national fruit and second to none in the world.

—says OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

THE value of the apple in the diet is an everyday story that loses nothing by repetition. The sweet, ripe apple should be included in the menu, uncooked and unpeeled.

It is an ideal breakfast fruit, stimulating the gums, providing natural laxative and the essential protective elements so easily destroyed in cooking processes.

Sliced or grated it is an appetising and fully-flavored ingredient for luncheon salads or sandwich fillings. Preserved it can stock our pantries with sweet and savory stores for the lean, expensive months. Recipes, sweet and savory, for the cooked apple are legion. Here are a few of our suggestions:

APPLE JELLY

Choose sound, barely-ripe fruit. Wash and slice. Do not remove skin or cores, but remove stem and blossom end. Barely cover with water and cook gently until soft, usually about 15 to 20 minutes. Turn into a jelly bag or fine cheese cloth, tied in a cradle over basin, and allow the juice to drain. Pulp may be moved gently to keep juice flowing, but should not be squeezed, as squeezing makes the jelly cloudy. To each cup of apple juice add 2-3rd cup sugar. Heat juice for a few minutes before adding sugar and remove any scum. Stir in sugar and then cook rapidly. The jelly is cooked when the drops from a spoon dipped in the jelly flow together in a sheet formation instead of dropping one by one. The bubbles on the jelly are also breaking as soon as they reach the surface. If a sweets thermometer is being used it should register 219 deg. F. Pour the hot juice into clean, hot jars, filling to the top. When cold, the jelly shrinks slightly; cover with a round of paper and melted paraffin wax.

Note: If the apples are very ripe add 1 tablespoon lemon juice to each cup of apple juice.

SWEET BAKED APPLES

Choose large, tart apples. Wash and core. Peel top of each apple, removing about one-third of peel. This makes the remaining skin of the apple a container for the cooked pulp and filling. Place in a baking dish with just enough water to barely cover the bottom. Place a teaspoonful of sugar, pinch of spice, and a tiny pat of butter in the cavity of each apple. Bake in a moderate oven (350 to 375 deg. F.) until tender, about 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Here are some variations:

Baked Stuffed Apples: Baked apples may be varied by filling

centres with brown sugar and raisins, or pineapple and honey, or bananas with chopped nuts and cinnamon, marmalade and soft breadcrumbs, biscuit crumbs with currants and orange rind, candied lemon peel with raisins and sultanas, preserved or fresh berries, such as loganberries.

Meringue Apples: Peel apples completely, and when nearly cooked pipe or pour meringue over each apple. Meringue may be flavored with peppermint or lemon rind. Orange rind flavoring with a pinch of ground clove is delicious. Cook slowly until meringue is set.

APPLE TAPIOCA

Two or 3 apples, 1 cup tapioca, 1 cup brown sugar, 3 cups cold water, 1 teaspoon mixed spice (may be omitted).

Cook tapioca with water in a double saucepan until transparent. Peel, core and slice apples and place in greased oven-proof dish. Sprinkle with sugar, and then pour tapioca

over apple. Sprinkle with spice and cook in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) until apples are tender. Serve hot or cold.

QUICK APPLE GINGERBREAD

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, pinch nutmeg, pinch ground cloves, 1 cup apple pulp, 1 1/2 tablespoons

brown sugar, 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 egg, 1 cup milk (may be sour), 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Sift dry ingredients. Combine beaten egg, sugar, apple, treacle, milk, and dripping. Add to flour, mixing until smooth. Cook in a bar tin or 8-inch sandwich tin in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes.

THE DISH of crumbed sausages, pictured above, with little red apples baked and filled with green peas, can be quickly and easily prepared. The meringue apples are flavored with peppermint. A spoonful of chocolate sauce on the top of each, and the result is superb. Try out the other delicious recipes, too.





PARTY TABLE suggestion for the boys on leave. Centrepiece is a "crown" of flowers; menu cards have flag motifs; white candles in blue holders are banded in red. . . . Simple, but effective. Why not copy?

WINNING RECIPES

● Every week alert readers collect cash prizes in our cookery contest.

OLWEN FRANCIS, who picked these from hundreds sent in this week, says:

"Congratulations, Miss Ruback, on those delicious orange nut muffins. Did you try a hot one straight from the oven?"

"Miss Hurley is in touch with the times with her mock-potato recipe, and so is Mrs. Steer with her parsnip tea. I can recommend them, for I've tried them both."

ORANGE NUT MUFFINS

Take 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup orange juice, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Sift well flour, baking powder, and salt. Cream butter and sugar till fluffy, beat in egg-yolks, and add flour alternately with mixture

of milk, orange rind and juice, beating till smooth after each addition. Stir in nuts, and fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased muffin tins, filling them two-thirds full, and bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Miss E. Ruback, Mary St., Maryborough, Qld.

MOCK POTATOES

Four ounces haricot beans, 1 parsnip, 1 tablespoon flour, bacon bones, butter or good dripping.

Soak beans for 12 hours in cold water. Drain and cook in boiling salted water until tender. A bacon bone greatly improves flavor, so don't forget to add to water. When beans are cooked rub through sieve or pass through mincer and add 1 tablespoon flour and grated parsnip. Season to taste, and place in well-greased pie-dish. Brush with butter or fat and bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) until crisp and brown.

For Baked or Fried Potatoes: Shape into croquettes, cover with egg and breadcrumbs and deep fry or oven fry until golden brown. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Hurley, Flat 2, 15 Nicholson St., Burwood, N.S.W.

PARSNIP TEA

Take 1 large parsnip, grate finely and place on enamel plate in hot oven; cook until "pieces" are well dried and browned. When quite dried take out and, when cold, roll with a bottle to fine powder. Allow 1 teaspoon prepared parsnip powder to a cup, pour on 1 cup hot water and stir; add hot milk and drink with or without sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Help for the backward child

THE backward child is often a bitter disappointment to parents. Yet, because a child seems to fall behind his fellows and fails to hold his own, to adopt an attitude of despair and to label the child as hopeless is simply to accept unnecessary failure.

Backward children not only need, but repay, individual study and treatment, and their education, both social and intellectual, is one of the most challenging tasks that parents must face.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Kitchen cut-outs

BASIC RECIPE No. 2

SPONGE SANDWICH

ONE cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder (or 1 cup self-raising flour), pinch of salt, 3 eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons boiling water, flavoring (as vanilla, lemon, or orange).

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt 3 times, separate yolks and whites of eggs. Beat whites until stiff and gradually whip in sugar. When sugar has been dissolved in egg-white, and mixture is smooth and stiff, beat in egg-yolks.

When mixture is thick and creamy fold (not stir) in sifted flour and baking powder. Lastly, fold in quickly and lightly the boiling water, melted butter, and flavoring. Pour into two greased 7-inch sandwich-tins. Cook in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 minutes, or until honey-brown and elastic to touch. Do not open oven door until 20 minutes is completed or final test to be made. Turn onto oiled cooler. Ice and fill when cold.

VARIATIONS

Ginger Sponge: Add ½ teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch ground cloves to flour; ½ teaspoon orange rind may be added, also.

Cinnamon Sponge: Add 1 teaspoon cinnamon to flour, with 1 teaspoon cream.

Orange Sponge: Add ½ teaspoon orange rind to liquid. Boiling milk may be used instead of water.

Chocolate Sponge: Add 1oz. melted chocolate to liquid, or add 1 tablespoon cocoa to flour. Little extra butter, and 1 tablespoon more liquid.

H. Steer, Deervale Rd., Dorrigo, Nth. Coast, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE WITH LAMB CHOPS

Have bone removed from six lamb chops, and roll them, tying with string to keep them round.

Season with salt, pepper, and a dash of sugar, and grill.

Drain six slices of pineapple, dot with butter, and grill till golden brown. Place pineapple on hot dish, arrange a chop on each slice, and garnish with a thin slice of lemon and sprinkle of chopped mint.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Stirling, 2 Ewenston St., Balmalm, N.S.W.

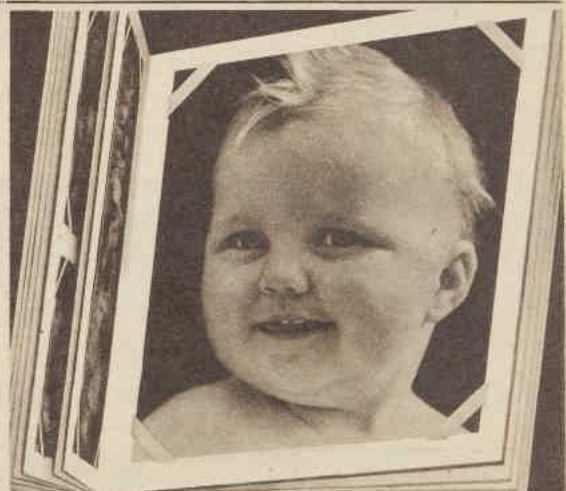


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